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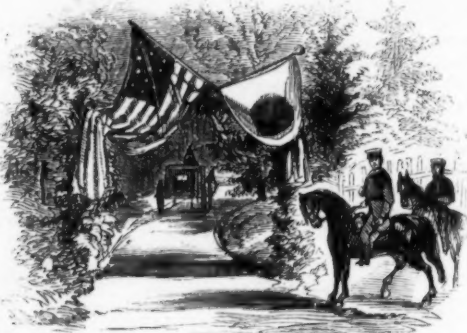
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ.

What more can be Wanted to Prove the Immense and Wide-Spread Circulation of
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER?

READ THE FOLLOWING:

We have found FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to be one of the most valuable means for advertising our business in all parts of the country.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
General Agents of the American Watch Co.,
June 2, 1860. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

THE GRAND JAPANESE
FETE CHAMPETRE,
AT WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

By our Special Correspondent.

The visit of the Japanese Embassy to this country is not one of mere pleasure or idle curiosity. They have arrived here as



ANNOUNCING THE GUESTS TO THE HOSTESS, MRS. JAMES GORDON BENNETT.



FETE CHAMPETRE GIVEN BY MR. & MRS. JAMES GORDON BENNETT IN HONOR OF THE JAPANESE AT THEIR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS—MRS. BENNETT RECEIVING THE AMBASSADORS.

the representatives of a nation whose science, literature, commerce and art have hitherto been to us a sealed volume. The efforts of European nations to open commercial relations with them, or even to excite their interest or curiosity in other countries, have produced a comparative failure. When, therefore, by simple diplomacy, we have been enabled to overcome the established law of non-intercourse, and have persuaded the Tycoon to permit his representatives to visit us, it is proper and right that we should, by every means in our power, impress them with a respect for us—a respect for our wealth, our commercial greatness, our manufacturing power, and our habits of social life.

This should be our aim, and not the gratification of a mere curiosity.

The thinking portion of our people would seem to be actuated by such a motive, and in this connection we may refer to the *Fête Champêtre* given by Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett to the Japanese Princes at Washington Heights. That splendid social panorama, with all its varied elegances, was not merely an attempt to show what wealth and taste could perform, but it was to exhibit to our foreign guests the refinement of our people as displayed in adornment and manners, beauty and intellect. The greatest evidence of the truth and popularity of a government is in the contentment of the people, and the scenes which the Japanese witnessed, and which they formed a material portion of on Thursday last, must have convinced them that we are as great in a social as we are in a commercial point of view.

Society loves a sensation—loves something effective, startling and novel. It is something to talk about—something to embellish the monotony of existence. Our Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue splendors are fast becoming antique and a bore—the social happiness behind those solid sombre stone fronts, consists in luxurious damask and rosewood. Parties are nothing but a crush of ermine and black cloth. Every one spoils their attire, and too many delight in upsetting champagne over ladies' shoulders and cramming ice cream into gentlemen's dress coat pockets. This is unpleasant, and what is still more so, 'tis that there is always about four times the number of persons invited than there is space for their convenience and comfort. We, therefore, hail with pleasure, any innovation or elegant novelty that gives the death thrust to these monstrosities.

Some of these thoughts flashed on me as I pondered on the following card, which was lying on my table:

Mr. & Mrs. Bennett
REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF
Mr. _____
company on Thursday, June 21st, at 2 o'clock.
MATINEE IN HONOR OF THE JAPANESE PRINCES.
R. S. V. P. Fort Washington.
(Trains leave 31st street at 1.40, returning at 9.)

Here, then, I thought, will be a fair chance for our Japanese friends to see New York society, untroubled by the grim forms of city etiquette. I felt assured that the well-known exquisite taste of Mrs. Bennett and the liberal hospitality of James Gordon Bennett, Esq., would render the occasion one of a character so remarkable as to make a lasting impression on the Japanese Princes, and on all who were favored by an invitation. And so it proved.

The *Fête Champêtre* made its debut in New York on Thursday last, before an audience aristocratic and artistic in the highest degree. It was an unequivocal and a brilliant success. May it inaugurate a new regime. But having tantalized our readers sufficiently to gratify our morbid desire to make people miserable, we shall proceed at once to describe with the pen portions of that which the artists have so admirably done with the pencil. On the banks of our noble Hudson, prominently and grandly situated, there are numerous palatial mansions, where many of our wealthy citizens retire to enjoy the contentment of rural existence. This spot is called Washington Heights.

The *Fête Champêtre* was held here, and a thousand people joined in making it a triumph. As we approached the entrance, we perceived evidences of the vast preparations which had been made. Through the rich foliage of the trees hundreds of small flags, Japanese and American, could be seen. At the entrance, a triumphal arch of evergreens, flowers and flags had been erected. We passed on beneath the shade of trees, when a dazzling sight met our view. The chateau was richly, indeed magnificently, adorned with flags, which were arranged in folds and festoons. The vast crowds of elegant and beautiful women roaming on the lawn, promenading the gravelled walks, or lounging on the piazzas, seemed like a rich *parterre* of flowers, so bright and varied were the colors of their adornment. Pressing forward as best we could through the gay throng, we were ushered into the presence of the hostess who presided over this gay and almost Oriental scene. The valet announced our name as we entered.

And now, of course, being in the presence of the lady of the house, our lady readers will inquire, "What did she wear? How did she look? Come, tell us all about it!" Well, my lovely audience, the lady, whose guest I had the honor of being this day, was dressed with severe and yet faultless taste. She wore a dress of white crape, with small flounces; a waist of white silk; a string of magnificent pearls encircled her neck, and a double row encircled each arm. She wore no diamonds, neither was her hair decorated with any ornaments, but its rich black masses were dressed plain and simple. A blonde, with a profusion of black hair, fine expressive black eyes, well moulded features, and of commanding figure, we assure our readers she reigned supremely Queen of the Festival. And having thus gratified our reader's curiosity as far as we dare, we proceed to the grounds and mingle with the gay cavaliers and beauteous ladies who throng the walks and lawns.

Forty acres of ground, planned, planted, adorned and decorated by the mind and hand of taste, are now the arena of joy. In every direction we perceive nothing abroad but the spirit of gaiety. The surroundings are all of beauty. A bright yet subdued sunny day, with an Italian atmosphere, was this day. The vessels with their white sails looked like swans sitting motionless on the Hudson; and far as the eye could reach Nature had spread her beauteous mantle on land and water. Then turning your eye from its lengthened gaze you once more view the scene close around you, and pass beneath the shade of umbrageous trees. Here is a band performing a lively Redowa, and there go the happy couples moving with Terpsichorean delight over the spring floor which has been erected on the lawn. Leaving this scene we wander by the rich flower beds, Australian in their wealth of color. There we enter a tent, and here an orchestra is discoursing the gems of an opera under the baton of Muzio; onward and forward and there is another band, the North Carolina band, sent by the officers of the navy. Still strolling onward we enter a lovely spot "shut out from the rude world" by lofty pines, and entering a pagoda rich with the beauty and fragrance of geraniums, we seat ourselves to contemplate the Carnival; but alas! our solitude is broken in upon by a party

of fairies, who with boisterous mirth come rushing in, while we walk out. We take another path that leads down a bank to the bordering shore of the Hudson, and view the far-famed yacht Rebecca, now gaily decorated with flags. But Neptune soon vanishes, and Bacchus with a jovial face invites us to the vines. We wander fox-like through the conservatories and graperies; we perceive no forbidding sign of "Visitors are particularly requested not to touch the fruits and flowers," but on the contrary; and so we plucked the emerald and sapphire-hued grapes from their feeble vines, and luxuriously enjoyed them. Then we mingled with humanity again, and following in its train we were ushered into a banquet hall merry with the music of knives and forks, glasses and cork-popping. Here was the crowd. Epicurus was represented by the immortal Delmonico, and right well with his army of waiters did he perform his ministerial duties. The charge of the Zouaves and Turcos at Solferino was as nothing compared with the Light Brigade this day. Forward rushed the six hundred. But seriously speaking, the banquet was royal. Delicately speckled trout by the hundred, game of every variety, tropical fruits prodigious in price, rich wines enough to make a small lake, huge pasties and marvellously curious pyramids adorned the table; as fast as they disappeared, fresh recruits took the place of the regulars.

But we will not tantalize the appetite of the miserable millions who were not there. "Personne" may, if he likes, and he should. Personne was immense this day, talkative, witty, willing to do everything for every one, and even coquetting with Lady Green Seal. The honorable and dignified Mayor was as affable to-day as if he never knew the cares of state. The host, whose liberal hand supplied all this entertainment, was as young looking to-day as he was twenty years since. It would have made his enemies miserable to see that twenty years of attack had not subdued his hearty laugh. He joked with Tommy, and made himself agreeable to the princes. Prince John Van Buren was also in the throng, courtly and dignified as he always is. Even Erasmus Brooks forgot he was a Know-Nothing, he was contemplative and thoughtful; while Simeon Leland had added four degrees of intensity to his usual good-humored face. A certain gentleman, named Frank L.-s.-l.-e.—we won't mention his name—entered fully into the spirit of the scene; he flirted with Mdlle. Flora, the Countess Heidsieck, Lieut. Quail and Col. Ham in a frightful manner. We only wish we could mention the names and describe the beauty and elegance of the ladies there; but that is sacred, and no writer must violate the sanctity of private life. But we know that the Army and Navy, with their killing buttons and glittering epaulettes, did dreadful execution among certain hearts. There were Captains Ward, Dupont, Porter and Rogers, of the Navy; while the Army was represented by Captain Benham, Lieutenants Morris, Winder, Crilley, Worth, Sweeney, Arnold Webb, Granger, McNelly, Cogswell and Stone. Then there were historians, poets, artists and literary men. All alike forgot the outside world, and entered with a zeal into the glorious social carnival in honor of the Japanese Princes. Count Gurowski, a live count, will put less vinegar into his next historical article.

The Japanese Princes arrived about four P.M., and were at once presented to Mrs. J. G. Bennett, who received them with graceful dignity. Their manner towards their hostess was marked by much dignity, courtesy and *empressment*. Mr. Bennett accompanied the Princes and Captain Dupont, not to mention "Tommy," through his house and over the grounds, with which they seemed very greatly delighted. They partook also of the gorgeous banquet prepared for them and other guests, and seemed to enjoy themselves with infinite relish. They seem to appreciate the richness and rarity of certain vintages as well as the most experienced connoisseur. Nothing good is thrown away upon them. They remained on the grounds between two and three hours, and expressed themselves highly delighted with the attention, kindness and boundless hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett.

But we must draw our letter to a close. To say that the festivities lasted for hours, unmarred by a single unpleasantness; that Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jun., were unremitting in courtesy and attention to their guests, one and all; that the guests themselves reciprocated the kindly feeling manifested by the generous givers of the entertainment; and that, take it all in all, it was the most complete, refined and elegantly successful private entertainment ever given on the banks of the Hudson, is but to state the unanimous opinion of the thousand delighted guests who will long remember the event.

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NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or, Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admission to everything, 25 cents. Parquette, 15 cents extra. Children under ten years, 15 cents, and to the Parquette, 10 cents extra.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1860.
All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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News from Europe.

The news from the Old World is of a very gratifying character. The great Liberator of Sicily has not alone revolutionized that beautiful island, but has commenced its organization as a regular government. He has appointed municipal functionaries, and established his power there on a basis which shows how thoroughly detested the rule of the younger Bomba was throughout the length and breadth of that oppressed land. The next advice will most probably announce that the royal forces have left Palermo, in obedience to the capitulation which General Lamia had entered into with the hero of Varese. Another expedition was to sail from Genoa on the 9th of June, consisting of men and ammunition. These were bound for Palermo. The King of Naples had applied to the Great Powers for assistance, which had been refused, so that the end of that tyranny may be considered as near. The London Times contains a very long account from their special correspondent, which shows that Garibaldi possesses qualities worthy of a great General.

In England, the New Reform Bill was being debated with an elaborate language very expressive of the public indifference. The Queen was to review the Rifle Regiments on the 23d of June, the formation of which corps continues to proceed with that unabated but consistent vigor so characteristic of the English. There are vague rumors that Louis Napoleon will want a little more extension of territory, should Victor Emmanuel have Sicily added to his dominions.

The Chinese authorities having positively rejected the proposals of the allies, war with that obstinate nation is inevitable. The force to march upon Peking is to consist of nearly forty thousand men, the greater part of which will be British. It is currently believed in England that the Chinese forts are manned by Russian gunners, and that the Chinese had been prompted to refuse reparation for the attack at the Pailo forts by Russian counsels.

The difficulty between the Czar and the Sultan, respecting the cruelty practised upon the Christians, is compromised for the present, by the appointment of a commission nominated by the Turkish Government to inquire into the matter. This appearance of moderation on the part of the Russian Government is considered attributable to the disturbed state of Sicily and Southern Italy. One significant fact is revealed in the continued stay of the French garrison in Rome. Lamoriciere, the mercenary French General, is so trammelled between the Cardinal Antonelli and General Goyon, that he contemplates resigning his position. In the meantime, the Irish recruits arrive to swell the Papal ranks, but their fate will be, no doubt, a deplorable one, since priests, like princes, are proverbially ungrateful. It is melancholy to see such noble spirits made the blind instruments of a worn-out despotism. They seem now emulative of becoming the Swiss mercenaries of Europe.

The French Government had sent more vessels of war to Naples, to be ready to protect French subjects if necessary. A considerable British fleet was already cruising in those parts.

Baltimore Convention.

This famous menagerie of politicians met on Monday, the 18th of June, and after giving a series of pugilistic exhibitions proceeded to business. But the pugnacity of our nature was still strong within them, and between the acts various set-to's were indulged in, more in the rough and tumble fashion than *à la* Heenan and Sayers. We have related some of these in another column, and could add to the list, but considering these performances as decidedly interfering with the two champions of the world, who are about to visit America and give sparring exhibitions, we refrain from encouraging these clumsy amateurs and imitators.

After a week of considerable excitement, which is truthfully and graphically told by our Baltimore correspondent—himself a distinguished politician—several of the Southern States seceded for the purpose of holding another Convention and nominating a candidate more in their confidence.

Stephen A. Douglas Nominated for the Presidency.

The Baltimore Convention has resulted in the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas for President. On the first ballot, Douglas stood 173; Breckenridge, 7; Guthrie, 9; Dickenson, 4. On the second ballot, Douglas stood 179½; Guthrie, 5½; Breckenridge, 7½. Mr. Church's resolution, "That Mr. Douglas be the unanimous nominee of the Convention, he having received two-thirds of all the delegates," was, at the close of the second ballot, adopted by acclamation.

So Stephen A. Douglas is now fairly before the people as Democratic Nominee for the Presidency.

Recreation and Morality.

WHAT the old man in the fable was to Sinbad the Sailor, work is to the present generation. We are born in harness, live in harness and die in it. We are so fettered by it that we grow accustomed to our chains, and miss their weight when we are compelled to throw them aside. Like overdriven hacks, we are supported by the very shafts of the wagon whose weight is killing us. A modern poet has said,

"Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday rejoicing spirit down
To the over haunting importunity
Of business in the green fields, or the town?
Sabbathless Satan!"

And this brings us to the fact that from this incessant work proceeds that evil over which our clergy and moralists groan—the desecration of the Sabbath. In point of fact, the present system abolishes the Sabbath altogether, for were the working classes to devote their Sundays to church-going and reflection, their bodily machines would soon become decrepit, and their mental powers sink either into idiocy or blaze into madness. Death, physical, mental, moral and spiritual, would irresistibly result from the persistent religious observance of the Sabbath by the working mechanics of our cities, under the present system, which allows no relaxation except for the purposes of prayer. We know this is apparently a severe thing to say of our boasted civilization, but we appeal to every unprejudiced man's experience if it be not the fact. Philosophical writers have long advanced these views, and been called infidels for their pains. Paley well observed that "the well-being of man, both religious and physical, required a holiday each week as well as a Sabbath. Give," said he, "to man fresh air and relaxation on one day in the week in addition to Sunday, and I am sure they will fill all your churches on the Lord's day; but it is madness to hope they will devote their only cessation from labor to sit and hear a clergy which has no sympathy with their wants."

Puritanism has quite as many sins to answer for as Popery, and of the two they are the least genial. Puritanism is the tyranny of bile over health and digestion.

In England great strides have been made towards an additional holiday or secular Sabbath, and now two-thirds of their clerks, mechanics and operatives leave off work at two o'clock on the Saturday. This movement has been much accelerated by the fears of our wealthy and worthy cousins, since they are obliged to give their population a little time for their rifle regiments to drill. Something, however, is due to the wide-spreading humanity and foresight of the age, which begins to perceive that "all work and no play makes Jack a dangerous boy."

The incessant demands made upon the physical capacity of the poor are also the source of their intemperance. An overworked man is driven, by the irrepressible conflict always waging, to recruit his exhausted energies by stimulants. What Johnson said of patriotism—"that it was the last refuge of a scoundrel"—may be parodied to apply to drunkenness—that it is the first and only refuge of the overworked and despairing mechanic. With that blindness to consequences, which springs from mental debility, occasioned by want of relaxation, he flies to that immediate but evanescent restorer of his faded powers, drink, because he knows he has not the leisure to recuperate naturally. Under its besotting and lethean influence he loses a great portion of that depression of mind, which work without hope and recreation produces, and he enjoys a temporary absence of care, which constitutes the happiness of that class.

This saturnalia becomes the sustainer of his life—he counts the days till it comes round again. It is the realization of Hogarth's picture of the bunch of carrots to the racing donkey—it is held before him from the Monday to the Saturday. He munches the delusive trash on the Sunday, half loathing it as he gorges on its garbage; but, for want of a better nourishment, he

pursues the miserable mockery till he drops dead, blinded by his own vices, in the dreary and monotonous circle of the mill!

If the governing and religious classes wish to enforce a better observance of the Sabbath, they will take some efficient steps to secure to the laboring man a few more holidays without diminishing his wages. That this will not militate against the interests of his employers has been proved, since the increased energy and intelligence of willing and healthful artisans amply compensate for the loss of the few hours spent in the recuperation of the mental and physical frame of man.

The Abbott Egyptian Museum.

WE congratulate our fellow-citizens and all interested in matters of scholarship and art, on the recently announced acquisition of the Abbott Egyptian Museum by the Historical Society of New York. Having been the first to urge the purchase of this truly wonderful monument, as it indeed is, and having frequently urged the completion of the good work, we now feel it incumbent on us to join with our contemporaries in rejoicing at the event, and in expressing heartfelt gratitude for the noble and public spirited conduct of the gentlemen who in the most liberal manner contributed to, and otherwise aided, the Society in the purchase. While such generosity is manifested for such objects, New York may justly claim pre-eminence as regards the right spirit of citizens in the right place.

To those who regard a Museum simply as a senseless collection of mere "curiosities," to be admired merely because they are old and out of the way, this may not seem a matter of any really great consequence. Probably the gentleman who recorded on the book of the Museum his opinion that it was "a humbug," would have been much more gratified with the veritable humbug of a Chatham street "side show," and he would undoubtedly regard an investment of many thousands of dollars for relics of the days of the Pharaohs as gross extravagance. Fortunately, the public at large are not so vulgarly ignorant, and yet it cannot be denied that few persons can see the immense importance of such collections in their true light. Could the public at large do so, there would at once be an overwhelming manifestation of the appreciation. We should see in every large city, and formed on a large scale, Historical Museums, illustrating every stage of social development; while, on the other hand, the most liberal support would be extended to our Historical Societies, which are at present left entirely to their own feeble resources to perform the immense task of collecting such objects as illustrate the past.

Few persons have reflected on the great value of museums as an aid to education. Apart from the practically useful, or, as we may call them, the mechanical branches of early culture, by far the most important is the historical, which, correctly understood, embraces literature, art, and that general knowledge which instructs the mind in what is and has been going on in the world. Correctly understood, the historical element is what constitutes the real difference between a liberal education and a limited one. This knowledge is chiefly derived from books, but museums are the best means of fixing it in the mind. The youth who has seen the portrait, the jeweled breastplate and the tomb of the Duke of Burgundy, will remember the hero, his age, and in short have a better idea of the time than one who has merely "read history." No one can doubt that the student of Egyptian history would get a far more accurate impression of what Egypt was from the Abbott collection than even a far more erudite scholar whose research had been confined to mere reading.

We rejoice that the Historical Society have received this noble collection, the only one in the country really deserving the name of a museum in the higher sense of the word. Let us trust that in time other museums, illustrating other races, may be added to it, until finally New York shall boast an institution which will make her the first city in the world at which the scholar and the artist may acquire practical knowledge of the past, and be thereby qualified to criticize correctly and erect a soundly based standard of judgment on men, works of literature and art. The first step has been taken; let us trust that the intelligence and liberality of our citizens will accomplish the rest.

An Unexpected Visit.

On Friday our establishment received a visit from a portion of the Japanese Embassy, accompanied by Major Leland. They went through our various departments, the extent and completeness of which elicited their complimentary remarks.

They were shown our engraving-room, where they examined the process with much apparent interest. From the upper rooms they descended to our artists' apartment, where the portrait of one of our own artists, taken by the artist of the Embassy, caught their eye. Their recognition of it was very amusing. They evidently have a high opinion of their own style of portrait painting.

From thence they went into our spacious press-rooms, and watched with considerable curiosity the working off of some of our papers, which they took, with the intention of carrying with them to Japan. After an exchange of bows and autographs they took their leave.

The New Arctic Expedition.

THE Committee of the American Geographical Society held a special meeting last week at the office of Cyrus W. Field, whose name is identical with scientific enterprise. Dr. Hayes was present, and stated that the immediate object of his expedition was the exploration of the open Polar Sea discovered by Captain Kane—to complete the survey of the northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnell land, and to examine the general features of Smith's Strait. He also announced that his vessel would start from Boston. His crew consists of Dr. Hayes, commander; Captain McCormick, sailing master; Mr. Dodge, first officer; a second officer, surgeon, carpenter, artist, clerk, steward, cook and six men. He will take with him four boats of about twenty-four feet in length; these are provided with sledges. He will sail from Boston on the 26th of June. He will proceed first to St. John's, then Greenland; he will stop at Upernivik, where he will procure dogs and furs. He expects to reach Smith's Strait about the middle of August. He then hopes to reach a secure winter harbor, and will proceed northward in the ensuing spring, leaving one-half the crew behind to take care of the vessel. Mr. Sontag, the astronomer of the Kane expedition, will

accompany him, together with several volunteers, who fit themselves out at their own expense. We wish the gallant and competent voyagers every success.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

In our Paper of last week we recorded that Mr. Brochaw, of Springfield, Ohio, had eloped with a Mrs. Root, each leaving a disconsolate partner at home to follow their example, if they felt inclined. In the *Daily News* of the 19th we read:

"The sequel to the late elopement at Springfield, Ohio, has been announced. Mr. Brochaw, it is stated, has repented of his rashness and returned to Springfield, and has been conditionally accepted by his family. He says he left Mrs. Root in New York, and furnished her with the means to take her to her friends in Massachusetts. Mr. Root has taken steps for a divorce from his wife, and Mrs. Brochaw has applied to the Court for a legal separation from her husband."

Now, a great poet has said, if there is one thing meaner than running away with a man's wife, it is the sending her back.

The Italian War has broken out again in the *New York Daily Times*, and the "elbows of the Minio" are in full play again. In their issue of the 19th, we find the following evidences of the war against the coherent:

"To judge from the language and conduct of Pro-Slavery politicians at the North as well as the South, ever since the John Brown raid, one might fairly conclude that they were no longer content with merely political victories, but sought the notion that Napoleon III. has ever seriously cherished an intention of securing that crown for any member of his own family, is just as gratuitous, and indeed just as absurd, as the kindred notion which was so sedulously disseminated by the English press a year ago, that France was intriguing to erect Etruria into a kingdom for the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde."

This lucid sentence occurs in an article on Harper's Ferry. In another, on Sicily and Italy, we find the clue—thus:

"Were Victor Emanuel to be offered to morrow the crown which Francis II. has disgraced, there is no reason to suppose that any Power in Europe would interfere to prevent his accepting it—the personal extermination of their adversaries. The spirit which was displayed in the Fifth Avenue manifesto and in the Harper's Ferry inquiry, to all outward appearance, differed little from that which brought Sidney and Russell to the scaffold, and which, until the revolution of 1848, gave to English Parliamentary struggles such a sanguinary importance."

The fact is, that one article has the head of John Brown and the tail of Victor Emanuel, and the other article has the head of Victor Emanuel and the tail of John Brown. Since Zaddock Pratt knocked Sir Robert Peel's head off his British shoulders and put his own in its place, we have had nothing more transfiguring. But even then, Zaddock had not the effrontery to place his own head on Sir Robert's shoulders.

The indifference displayed by the Americans, as compared with the English, towards the heroic Garibaldi, is somewhat remarkable, more especially when it is remembered that he is half an American, having kept a cigar store in Broadway and a candle factory in Staten Island. We are glad to see that this reproach is to be taken from us, as a benefit for the Sicilian patriots is shortly to be given at the Academy of Music. Among the attractions, we should recommend that the writer of the articles in a morning paper, declaring that the Pope and the King of Naples are the best and most benevolent governors living, should be invited to stand upon his head, since it is the only rational use it is fit for.

The *Herald* has christened several of the present Cabinet as the Bourbons! What a compliment to the Whiskey of the White House.

The *New Daily Paper*, *The World*, on the 29th, had a very dismal article, giving the last words of celebrated men. Strange to say, these celebrated men all declared they were going the wrong way. Unless our excellent contemporary drops this exceedingly uncomfortable style of amusing the public at their breaking, we shall soon have to record his last dying speech and confession. *The World* wants a bright, healthy humanity, and not this eternal grinding on an outworn asthmatic bagpipes.

A certain *Daily Paper* has a very delicate way of announcing to *The World* that Dean Richmond, the great Albany Regent, swears:

"We mean Dean Richmond—incapable of making a speech, unable even to express himself grammatically in colloquial intercourse, interspersing and deforming his conversation with expletives, of which it is the richest possible source to say that they are needless, destitute of education or other early advantages, he has, nevertheless, for some years, wielded a greater political influence than any other man of his party in this State. He is a very cool and a very keen political observer," &c.

After this, it was almost needless to say in an article on Young Ladies Boarding Schools the same writer turns up his eyes and says, "My heaven pardon us if we have fallen into a censorious spirit." This, however, is perhaps not figurative, for we read in the *Chicago Leader*, that one day last week a careless distiller did fall into a vat of his own whiskey and was nearly drowned.

We are always glad to meet with a man after our own heart, and we have just found one in the "scribe" who, in recounting the duel between Mr. Bryant and Mr. Neal, wrote this sentence: "Mr. Neal was shot in the same arm which he used in such a vulgar manner!" It must be borne in mind that, in the course of an argument between them, as to whether Garibaldi was born in Nice or Genoa, Mr. Neal struck Mr. Bryant. Such an arm is a very nasty feature in Neal's anatomy. As a postscript to this absurdity, let us add the age, height, weight, pronunciation and temperament of these Gotham Heenan and Sayers. We quote partially from the *Tribune*:

BRYANT—Sixty-one years, three months, four days, three hours, odd minutes—One of the best connoisseurs of art in America—polite but quick, and when excited in friendly discussion, ejaculates like an Italian tenor. Fighting weight, one hundred and eighty-three pounds—stands in his boots, five feet three inches.

NEAL—Sixty years, odd months, weeks, hours, minutes, seconds—in short, very odd altogether. Length, nearly seven feet—athletic in proportion—especially in the calves. He gets easily offended when contradicted, especially when the man is smaller than himself, for he very properly maintains that the word of a six foot or is longer than that of a five footer. Fighting weight depends upon his dinner.

A Morning Paper gave, on the 10th, a very circumstantial account of the manner in which the Albany Regency had bargained for the Baltimore Convention. It affirms that the first four ballots were given for the Little Giant, who was then to be treated to the hot potato. Action, and dropped for that renowned compromise candidate, Franklin Pierce. Now that the act of the Convention is known, we have a splendid illustration of how the wisdom or knowledge it requires to concoct editorials.

Conventions have lately shown a strong leaning to suicide. Their general idiosyncrasy in separating without nominating, or adjourning to await the action of some other Convention, has opened the eyes of the public to the grossness of the fraud they practise on the people, by substituting a corrupt bargain for the national will. The last one held in Baltimore has added another feature to public contempt, by indulging in several "assaults and batteries," more profane of Ring-Sing than the White House. The two most prominent cases were those of Mr. Hooper and Col. Hindman, and Mr. Whitney and Mr. Townsend. Hooper calls Hindman "a man," whereupon, that man slaps the other man's face and then draws a pistol—whereupon, "that man's" friends persuade him he has done enough, which everybody will endorse, to disgrace himself. After this little "Five Points encounter," a couple of gentlemen from Delaware, Messrs. Townsend and Whitney, have a set-to. Townsend says something not complimentary to Whitney, which, judging from his subsequent conduct, is doubtless true, whereupon, Whitney wails the truth teller and strikes him a furious blow. Townsend grapples his assailant, and a rough-and-tumble comes off in the bar-room of the hotel; in the course of which, Whitney's ten-shooter falls from his pocket, which Townsend seizes and naturally holds. Friends prevent further mischief. As Mr. B. G. Pryor has been sent for, we feel assured there will be more fighting. Blessed is the peace-maker!

Passing Notices.

We had a visit, last week, from William Shaw, Esq., of Chicago, a most expert photographer, who exhibited to us a superb photographic panorama of the city of Chicago. It is a wonderful specimen of the art. So minute and yet so comprehensive is it that every dweller in that city could almost point out his own residence or store. We have arranged with Mr. Shaw, who is henceforth our special photographer in Chicago.

Southern Railroad Guide.—W. Alvin Lloyd's able and popular Guide for railroad and steamboat travel in the South, for July, is a most excellent and valuable number. One of its chief features is a clear and detailed schedule of the great thoroughfare via the Virginia and Chesapeake Railroad from New Orleans through direct to Portland, Maine, by Camden Grand June.

tion, Stevenson, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol, Lynchburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and thence to Portland, Me. Its method of displaying the other great Southern and Northern Eastern and Western routes is new and perfectly intelligible. This number of the *Guide* contains a vast amount of interesting matter—able editorials, biographies, and portraits of prominent men, Sam Tate and McDunlop, with views of cities, finely engraved on steel, watercolor places, &c., &c. This work has great circulation and influence in the South, and is becoming popular also in the North.

The Japanese Embassy have been amusing themselves by visiting many of the principal stores of New York. On Monday a portion devoted their attention to the inspection of D. W. Evans & Co.'s Gift Book Establishment, at 677 Broadway, and were shown through the establishment by the proprietors. The theory of the gift book business, being explained by an interpreter, caused them to open their twinkling Oriental eyes in wonder at the evidences of Yankee enterprise and perseverance; and on being presented with a beautiful gift their cup of satisfaction overflowed, evincing their pleasure by a genuine "American shake hands" all around, a parting salute à la Japanese, and with a lingering look at the vast storehouse of "knowledge à la riches," they went on their way rejoicing.

Our Illustrations of the magnificent American watches and of Hon. Townsend Harris were photographed by A. Morand, and were both exceedingly difficult subjects, owing to the wide contrasts in light and shade, and in the arrangement of the colors in the picture. Mr. Morand is one of the oldest and most careful and painstaking photographic artists in this country.

PERSONAL.

EXRA PRENTICE, of Albany, has succeeded John Schorcraft as President of the Albany Commercial Bank.

Mrs. Dossy, the well-known Catholic authoress, is lying dangerously ill in Washington.

MR. YATES, the Secretary of the Great Eastern, arrived in the Niagara.

The Rev. Mr. Storrs, of Cincinnati, lately preached a sermon in that city, in which he solemnly asserted that during his residence in that city of five years there had been above a hundred murders, and to his certain knowledge in no one instance had the perpetrator been executed!

GIBSON TUCKER, of the *News*, and John Clancy, of the *Leader*, are still firing paper pellets at each other. Why don't they, like Heenan and Sayers, each have a belt apiece?

MR. NEWTON, of Norwich, Conn., who lately celebrated his seventy-third wedding day, died last week in his ninety-fifth year.

JUDGE BRONSON has addressed a short but very significant letter to the *Evening Post*, in which he declines attending any Convention until the political affairs of the country are placed upon a more elevated basis.

MR. PLATT has been duly installed as Chamberlain of New York, Mr. Hunt having abandoned the contest.

AN orphan girl named Conant, aged only nine years, has been so brutally beaten by her mistress, who disgraces the town of Belfast, Me., with her presence, that her life is despaired of. Why does not the *Belfast Age* give the wretch's name?—it gives the name of the victim. These instances of coarseness are a disgrace to the press.

MISS EPIE CARSTANG has been refused a new trial. Shaw, the venerable Italian, consequently escapes matrimony and damages, but loses his turkey, five tons of coal and piano. She threatens to publish his love letters!

JUDGE GALENATH died at Easton, Pa., on the 16th. He was a noted politician.

MAURICE SPRACKEN lately lost \$500 at the Barnett House, Cincinnatti; he dropped it out of his hand.

A Mrs. RICHES, of Fayetteville, N. C., eloped with a mulatto named Shad Williams lately, taking from her husband \$2,500. The mulatto colored man next day cut his Desdemona's throat and threw her into the river. The folly of some women is astounding.

MONS. DE LAVE crossed the Passaic Falls on a tight-rope, on the 19th. The rope was 1,000 feet long, and 200 feet above the level of the earth.

JOHN BAXTER, a well-known editor and politician, died on the 16th in Philadelphia, in his eighty-fifth year. He was an Irishman by birth, but had been in this country above sixty years.

A SUBSCRIPTION is being raised in Boston to erect a statue to Horace Mann.

It was an error in stating, as several papers did, that George Wilkes had come home in the Asia. He will return in the Great Eastern. It will be remembered that he was appointed as the Commissioner to bring that Mammoth of the Waters to this port.

We notice that John Savage, the well-known poet, is now in Baltimore, busy with politics. We are glad to see that his play of "The Sybil," founded on a well-known Kentucky tragedy, is everywhere received with favor.

JOHN BROUGHTON is still in Boston, delighting the modern Athenians. His "Pocahontas" is much relished by them.

MR. CHARLES SCOTT, a distinguished portrait painter from Cincinnati, is now in this city. He is accompanied by his daughter, a very clever artist also. He is one of the earliest and best of our portrait painters. We can give him no higher praise than to say he is the Elliott of the West.

DRAMA.

Niblo's Garden.—There is nothing new to be said of this establishment, if we except the great lack of courtesy displayed by some of the officials, especially the man having charge of the ticket office. Our duties call us weekly to the different theatres, and we are pleased to state that, with the single exception above alluded to, we have always found the utmost politeness and attention extended to ourself individually as well as the journal we represent. We shall certainly never subject ourself to a repetition of the annoyance.

Winter Garden.—Mrs. Hayne has extended her engagement indefinitely, and we are rejoiced to find that she has met with a success commensurate with her merit. She appears in Mr. Janssens's new play, called the "Old Plantation," but we are obliged to defer an extended notice thereof until next week.

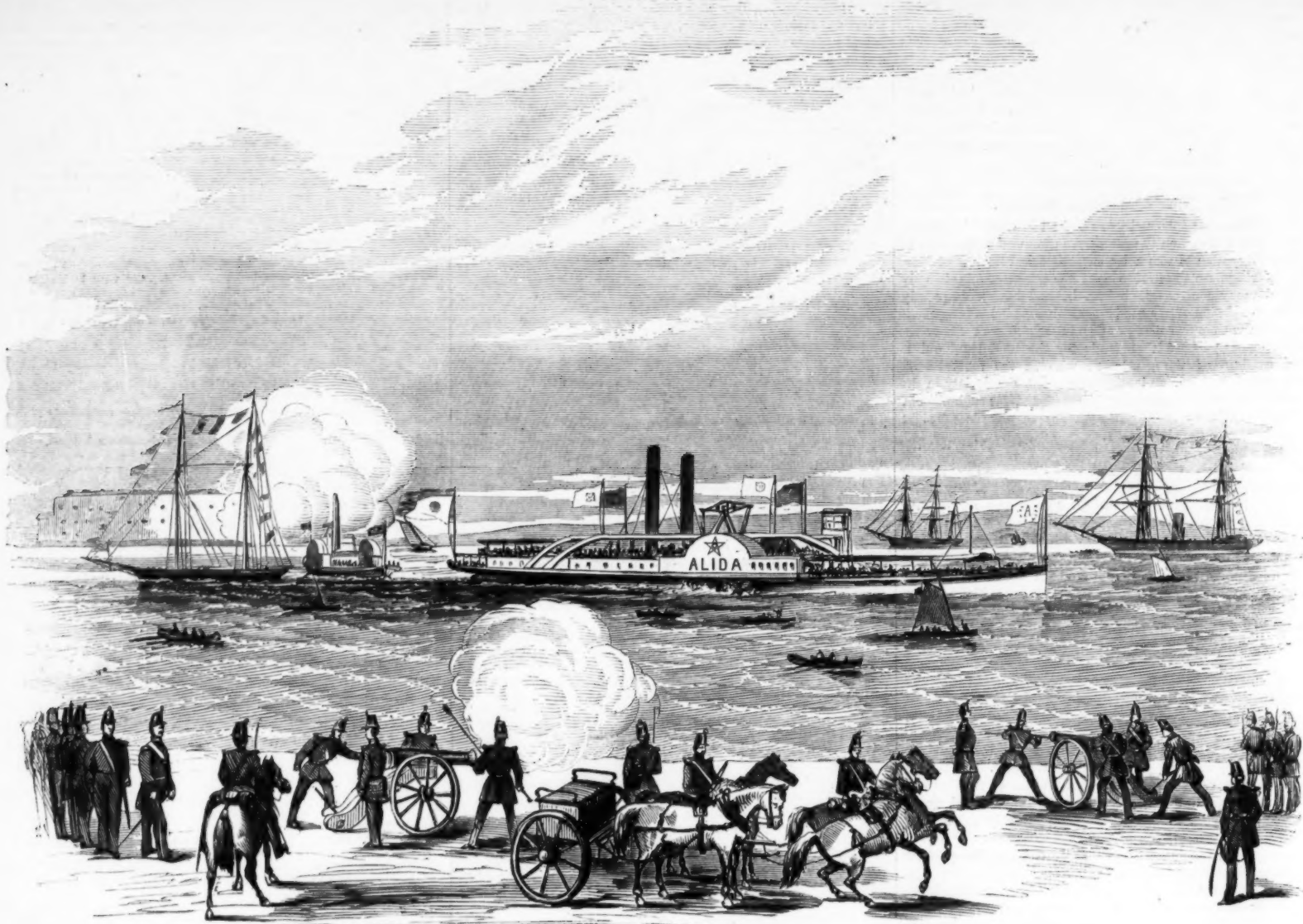
Laura Keene's Theatre.—The Japanese excitement being at its height, the burlesque of "Our Japanese Embassy" is still remained upon the stage here, and attracts crowds nightly. It is to be succeeded next week by till another Japan piece, called "Tycoon."

Wallack's Theatre has closed for the regular season, but will be reopened on Monday next by the Florences for a summer campaign. Their friends will welcome the return of these artists with full houses.

CARIBALDI.

The London Times, with an energy that almost rivals our own, immediately on hearing of the invasion of Sicily by the heroic Garibaldi, despatched a special correspondent to the scene of action. This first report has been published, and is a more interesting and graphic episode in the history of freedom has never challenged the admiration of mankind. Throughout the whole of the twenty-two days campaign Garibaldi shines in the tableau like one of the figures in an old picture, with a halo of glory around him. The grandeur and magnificence of his character have impressed the practical and base Englishman as much as they have the unsophisticated and enthusiastic followers of the great liberator. It has heretofore been the fashion to consider him as a daring and daring guerrilla chief. The campaign in Sicily shows him to be a great strategist. We agree with the London Times that the records of military achievements show nothing superior to the march from Marsala to the capture of Palermo. Let us rapidly glance at the facts: On the 6th of May, two steamers, with one thousand four hundred men, left the coast of Genoa. On the 8th they landed at Talamone, on the Tuscan coast, and received from the Commander of that fortress coal, ammunition and four field pieces. On the 16th they entered the harbor of Marsala, and disembarked their men ashore in the very face of two Neapolitan frigates. On the 12th this heroic band, swelled by the peasants joining them, marched to Salami, eighteen miles on the road to Palermo, in a straight line across the country. Here the insurgent chiefs of Sicily met their deliverer, whose forces now are four thousand men. On the 15th Garibaldi, whose troops now number six thousand, advances northward across the mountains to Calata Fimi. This was a lofty position, occupied by about twelve thousand royal troops, under General Landi. Garibaldi immediately stormed their positions, which were five in number, and drove the defeated enemy before him. The royal army fled towards Palermo, throwing their arms away, while many of them went over to Garibaldi. Only four thousand of these disorganized reached their headquarters, and those were without arms and half naked, having thrown away everything they could to accelerate their flight. After his victory, Garibaldi entered Calata Fimi, and marched the next day—the 17th—to Alcamo, ten miles thence. On the 18th he reached Forte Nico, another ten miles. On the 19th incessant torrents of rain compelled them to halt in their triumphal career. Here Garibaldi received intelligence that General Lanza and twenty-five thousand men in Palermo, and that he was throwing up entrenchments, and strengthening his position greatly.

We have not space to describe the masterly manner in which Garibaldi, by a series of feigned attacks and retreats, drew 10,000 of the enemy's guerrillas as far as Pardo, where he engaged them in a series of profitless skirmishes, he still retreating as far as Pardo. Here, leaving a small body of men to keep the royal troops employed, he quietly marches back, by the sea-road, to Palermo, and on the 25th encamps at Misi Merti, eight miles from the capital. Having thus reduced the royal defenders of Palermo to a small number, on the 26th Garibaldi had a secret interview with some of the insurgents in the city, and on the daybreak of the 27th he saw the heroic chieftain, in the name of freedom, thousands at the gates of Palermo, and, after a desperate struggle of six hours, in which he led the assault in hand, Giuseppe Garibaldi stands the master of the chief city of Sicily.



ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER ALIDA, OFF PIER NO. 1, WITH THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS AND THE COMMON COUNCIL RECEPTION COMMITTEE ON BOARD—FIRING A SALUTE, JUNE 16, 1860.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY IN AMERICA.

Reception of the Japanese at the Battery, New York.

EARLY on the morning of the 16th, crowds of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen collected on the Battery to welcome the Great Easterns, as some of our citizens called the Japanese Ambassadors.

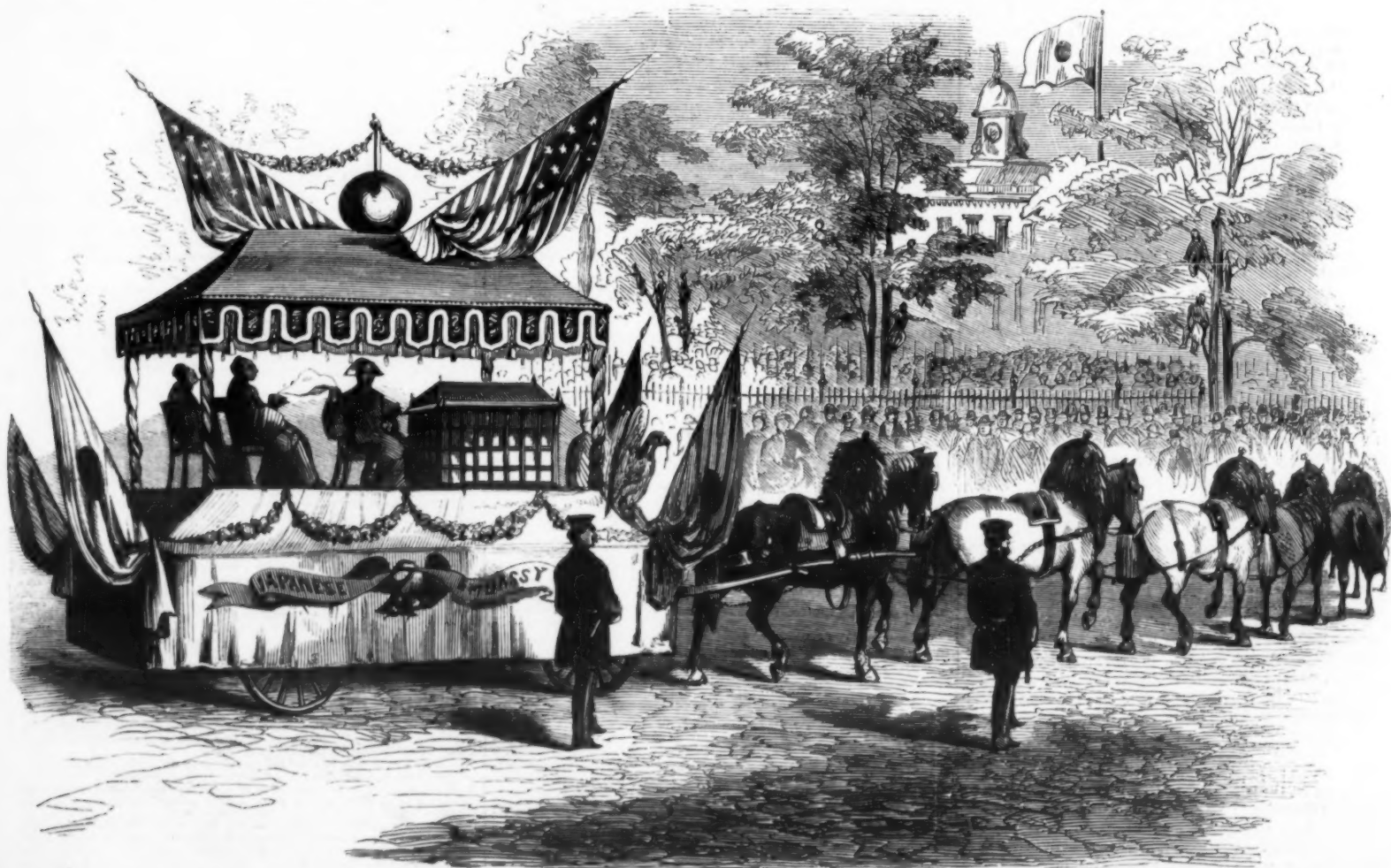
About two o'clock, a telegraphic communication from Fort Hamilton announced that the Alida was passing that famous

fort, and at half-past two the boom of cannon from Governor's Island told that the steamer was at the Battery. After the vessel had reached Castle Garden, the preparations were made for landing the illustrious visitors, which was accomplished amid the cheers of the multitude, and the inspiring strains of Hail Columbia from Dodworth's band.

A detachment of the Eighth Regiment was the guard of honor, and performed the duty admirably. As soon as the gangway plank was placed on board the Alida, Mr. Warren Leland and

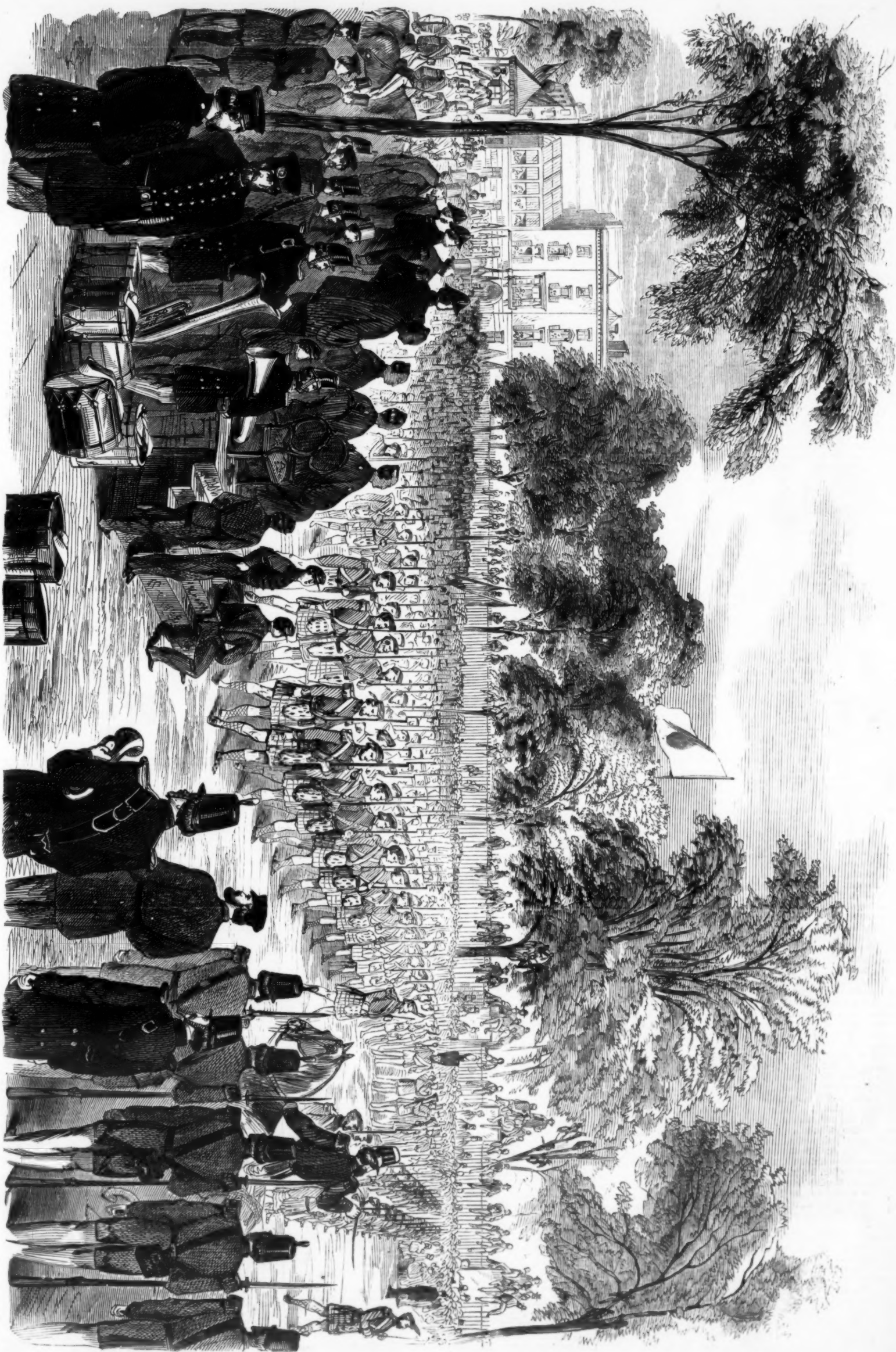
Mr. Curtis landed, accompanied by Councilman Shaw. Alderman Boole kept guard at the gangway, and permitted none to leave the vessel till the Japanese were comfortably stowed away in the carriages provided for them. As they drove off under their gallant escort the applause was tremendous, Tommy coming in for the lion's share. Superintendent Kennedy, and his Deputy, Carpenter, were the masters of the police ceremonies, and acquitted themselves with their usual ability.

(Continued on page 86.)



THE PAGODA CAR CONTAINING THE JAPANESE TREATY BOX, AS IT APPEARED IN THE PROCESSION ON THE DAY OF RECEPTION IN NEW YORK, JUNE 16TH, 1860.—SEE PAGE 86.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY REVIEWING THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEER TROOPS IN UNION SQUARE, NEAR THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON, ON THE DAY OF THEIR RECEPTION IN NEW YORK, JUNE 16TH, 1860.—SEE PAGE 86.



THE JAPANESE EMBASSY IN AMERICA.

Review of the Military in Union Square.

One of the most stirring sights at the reception of the Japanese was the review of the troops in Union square. At half-past four o'clock the head of the procession made its appearance on the west side of Union square. On arriving at Fifteenth street the Eighth regiment filed off and drew on one side, while the carriages containing the Embassy drove to a platform opposite Dr. Cheever's church, where they stopped. The three chief Ambassadors and the Treasurer here alighted, and were conducted to seats upon the platform—Major-General Sandford standing on their right, while the Committee of Reception stood on either side. Shortly after the military appeared with Dordworth's full band at their head, and paid the Ambassadors the honor of a marching salute as they filed past—the Ambassadors returning the compliment with their usual courtesy. When the Seventh Regiment appeared the air resounded with cheers. The order of march was in double broad columns, extending entirely across the avenue, and as they passed the Ambassadors' stand, marching with solid and even pace, the Japanese watched them with intense interest. Their curiosity was much excited by the appearance of the Daughter of the Regiment of the Guard Lafayette, and it was evident from their animated conversation they could not realize such a remarkable sight. This characteristic incident closed the review; the Embassy re-entered their carriages, and proceeded direct to their hospitable quarters at the Metropolitan, highly delighted with the wonders they had seen.

The Treaty Box Pagoda.

The car pagoda containing the "Treaty Box," which attracted so much attention in the procession of the Japanese from the Battery to the Metropolitan Hotel, was a dashing and unique affair. It ran on four wheels, with silvered hubs, which glistened in the sunlight as they rolled along, and above this was an elevated platform, the sides of which were gaily painted to represent festoons and wreaths of flowers, while real flowers hung in profusion wherever they could be attached. The words "Japanese Treaty" on the four sides indicated the object of the novel turnout. Above the platform, supported at each of the corners, was raised the roof or canopy, looking very like similar representations in Chinese pictures. Pendant from this was a fringe, on which was painted numerous hieroglyphics.

Above the whole structure a huge red ball, symbolic of the sun, loomed up, which in turn was surmounted by the American and Japanese flags.

"Tommy" and two attendants were seated on the platform guarding the treasure, with policemen walking beside, and as the novel vehicle, drawn by six magnificent horses passed through the crowded streets, it was hailed with shouts by the multitude. "Tommy" was delighted, and smilingly responded to the greetings of the people.

The Flower Pagoda.

Among the most remarkable and graceful courtesies in the form of a gift which have been paid the Japanese, is certainly that of the bower—if we may so call it—presented by Benjamin Wood, Esq., brother of Mayor Wood, and which was made for the Japanese from flowers grown in the garden of his farm. It was in reality a colossal bouquet in architectural form, and of such size that the Chief Ambassador entered it and sat there for some time, "like a bee in a rose," as a lady said. We have no doubt that among the agreeable and striking souvenirs of this country, the "Flower Pagoda," as it is called, will be specially remembered.

The pagoda in question was ten feet high by twelve in circumference, and was composed of hand bouquets set en masse.

Mayor Wood receiving the Japanese Embassy.

On Monday, the 18th, Mayor Wood received the Japanese Embassy at the City Hall, with all that pomp and ceremony befitting the metropolis of America.

About two o'clock the approach of the Seventh Regiment heralded the arrival of the illustrious strangers. The First Ambassador, Summe Boosen No-Kami, attended by Captain Dupont, the Third, Ogoore Bungo No-Kami, escorted by Captain Lee and others, were ushered into the Governor's Room. These were attended by the Vice-Governor, the Treasurer, and Shikara Jhugoro, with other members of their suite. Owing to the exclusive arrangements, not above a hundred persons were admitted into the Reception Room. The central apartment was the one selected by Mayor Wood to welcome his distinguished visitors.

The ancient writing table of Washington was placed at the east end of the room, a few feet from the mantel, and behind this, in citizen's dress, stood his Honor Mayor Wood. On his left was Governor Morgan, also in citizen's dress, while grouped behind him were Adjutant-General Townsend, Quartermaster-General Mitchell, Colonel Thomson, Major Skidmore, and other members of the Governor's staff in uniform. Major-General Sandford, of the First Division, was absent from the city, but he was represented by his staff, of whom there were present in uniform, Colonel Morrell, Senior Officer of the First Division; Surgeon Sayre; Assistant Surgeon Woodward; Lieutenant-Colonel Bixby, and Majors Jones, Richards, Foster and Bradford; among the citizens were Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Pelatiah Peritt, Esq., Hon. George Opydyke, J. Depeyster Ogden, and the Common Council.

The Ambassadorial deputation, preceded by the Committee, having entered the room, the four principal officers ranged themselves in a line in front of the table, and were severally introduced to Mr. Wood by Captain Dupont, according to their rank. With an easy, well-bred air, they removed their long gray gloves, reaching almost to the elbow, and in a dignified manner exchanged with the Mayor the American salutation of shaking hands, their attendants behind, meanwhile, bowing low, without attempting to press forward and imitate the example of their superiors. The entire delegation were radiant with the glory of clean talians, spotless pi-jamas and impeccable gaiters of white, while their richly mounted swords added to the natural dignity of their presence. Their attire appeared a little stiff and starched, and was evidently got up for the occasion, with a due consideration of the importance of a presentation to the Mayor of the great Yeddo of America.

After the Ambassadors had been formally introduced, the Mayor addressed them in a very appropriate speech, which was translated by Mr. Portman into Dutch, which was then put into Japanese by the Interpreter. The Chief Ambassador replied in a very few words, expressing the gratification he had in reciprocating the friendly sentiments of the Mayor. The Mayor bowed his acknowledgments with that suave courtesy for which he is famous.

After this, Governor Morgan addressed the interesting foreigners in a very brief manner, which was replied to by the Chief Ambassador.

The Mayor then invited them to walk through the rooms and inspect the portraits, which they did with much apparent interest. The whole party then proceeded to the balcony and witnessed the evolutions of the Seventh Regiment, which seemed to afford them the highest pleasure.

They then proceeded to their carriages, and drove back to the Metropolitan Hotel. Thus ended the formal interview between the Princes of Japan and the Mayor of New York.

THADDEUS HYATT has been released from his confinement by the Senate. His indignation at not being killed in prison is excessive.

Baltimore Correspondence.

June 21.

THE Adjourned National Democratic Convention assembled in this city on the 16th. Consequent thereon the city has been in a fever of excitement. Your correspondent came over from Washington on Sunday evening, and at every point where he could gather he had especially to note the intense interest felt in the Convention. At the Washington depot a crowd of people congregated to witness the departure of the delegates and the outside who were to influence them. As a rule of the notables passed from the ticket office to the cars, their political position was earnestly canvassed with reference to the sides taken by them on the Presidential question. In these brief intimations of feeling one could see the popular current flowed. It was Douglas against the field. Says one here goes Clingman, of North Carolina; he's strong for Douglas. And another "Look at Gus Schell! he's down on Douglas." It was either who was against Douglas. "We had some five hundred on the one side, a good humored but active-brained party. There was no end to the wondering after with which the pros pressed the cons, and the jocular sneers with which the latter retorted. The smoking car was nothing but a cloud on wheels; it was only when a peculiarly strong gust of wind got through it that a man could be distinguished.

At the Baltimore depot quite a mass meeting was collected to receive the cars from Washington, and on foot and in omnibuses and hacks moved towards Monument Square, the windows were quickly filled by old and young.

The scene at Monument Square was of a very exciting and interesting nature, and has continued. In the centre, the monument to the memory of the brave who fell at Fort Mifflin and North Point in the second war with England—those gallant fellows who wiped out the disgrace which blotted our flag at Bunker's Hill. Opposite the monument is the mansion of Reverdy Johnson, an Attorney General of the United States, now a potent Douglas leader. He has opened his house to the friends of the Little Giant; it is the headquarters of the North-West. It is an old, solid and spacious mansion. The library and first floor is open for all comers and goes—a sort of political exchange, where excited people hear and retail the news. The rooms of the second floor are fitted up as sleeping-apartments; cots are all around, and fortunate is the weary individual who first seizes one in the evening. On the third floor are some sleeping-rooms and the Douglas committee-room. George Sanders has a room in the house of August Belmont, Governor Richardson of Illinois, Governor Stuart of Michigan, Senator Pugh of Ohio, Clingman and others may be found here. A capital culinary department is attached.

On either side of Johnson's are situated Barnum's Hotel and the Gilmore House, both of which are crowded with delegates and the scene of much rabid discussion. Directly opposite is Guy's Monument House, another political headquarters. Here congregate General George Lamm, of Reading, Daniel F. Dougherty, H. Connolly, of Philadelphia, and a host of ardent Douglas advocates from Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia. While this crowd have one end of the Monument House on fire with Douglasism, Senator Sill, Secretary Cobb, Browne, of the Constitution, and one or two others of the same complexion, are pulling secession wires at the other end. A number of Southern extremists have made a phalanx round W. L. Yancey at the Gilmore House, which is, in consequence, regarded as the headquarters of disruption. A promiscuous crowd of delegates throng Barnum's.

Such being the political accessories of the square, you may imagine the continuous scenes of excitement which are transpiring from morning till night, and from night till morning. Mass meetings take place nightly, and the vast multitudes are addressed by rival politicians from the steps of Reverdy Johnson's house and the adjoining verandah of the Gilmore House. It is stated that the crowd has sometimes numbered as high as twenty thousand people. I have never witnessed such wild enthusiasm as is manifested at the Douglas meetings.

Mr. Yancey has been the object of much curiosity, and strangers from all parts take an occasion to go to the Gilmore House in the hope of seeing the secession leader. He was called out, but, after declining to speak, was prevailed on, towards midnight, to give the people the benefit of his views. He did not come up to his reputation. Those who expected a red-hot, violent speech were disappointed. The atmosphere of Baltimore has toned down his opinions. He admits that he has been defeated in his own State, and says he is neither for union or disunion, will take no active part for either, but will abide the course of events.

Mr. Yancey is a small man, of light complexion, bilious sanguine temperament, and considerable talent, which has been misapplied to the propounding of theories instead of the comprehension of practical matters. He is most gentlemanly in his manners, and quickly attaches persons to him as an individual. He is very eloquent, and possesses the useful power of being able to say what he thinks in a striking and clear manner.

So far the Convention has done little or nothing; and there are hundreds of rumors about as to the result. The New York Delegation are the best praised and best abused people here. They are equally flattered and defied by the wipplers of all parties. They are regarded as corrupt and ready to sell out to the highest bidder, and the delay which has taken place in business was, it is said, gotten up solely to allow him time to debauch the New Yorkers. Whether he will succeed or has succeeded will probably be known to-night.

The Committee on Credentials have just presented a majority and minority report. The former a very simple and clear document, presented by Mr. Kraus of Missouri, admits all the delegates, Douglas and Anti-Douglas from the States where the delegates were created since the Charleston Session. Thus Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama and Georgia will be divided, one half going for Douglas, which is a great accession. The report admits Mississippi and Texas, there being no contestants. Bayard and Whiteley are admitted from Delaware, John O'Fallon admitted from the Eight District of Missouri, and Ben Hallett rejected from Massachusetts. The minority report, presented by Governor Stevens, delegate from Oregon, agrees with the majority in the cases of Mississippi, Texas and Delaware, and recommends the admission only of the seceders from the other States. It was very lengthy and uninteresting in its style. It is confidently expected that the majority report will be adopted.

A terrible commotion occurred today in consequence of a large part of the platform—over the parquette of the theatre—having given way. It was thought that a row had commenced, and the stampede was startling. Delegates walked over each other; reporters' desks were overturned. A cheer being given, it restored confidence, and the matter was explained; a recess was taken to allow the carpenters to go to work. Many jokes were made at the expense of the floor and the Democratic party. The breaking up of the Convention was anticipated—but the breaking down of the platform took the delegates by surprise.

As I close, the reports of the Committee on Credentials are being debated. The Douglas men are very enthusiastic as to the result of the Convention. A large secession will take place, but it is expected the Little Giant will be nominated in a manner to command the harmony of the party.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Bois de Boulogne—Paris—The Lorettes and their Carriages—The Next Eggs to the Races—The Beau Monde and the Old Stagers of Fashionable Life; Where they are going this Summer—Switzerland—Mineral Waters and Wine—The late Balls and Receptions in the Gay World.

It has appeared of late years a new phenomenon in highly cultivated life, it is the tendency among all those, I do not say merely of the higher, but of all the better classes to pass their leisure afternoons in parks. The park is rapidly becoming to modern life what the bath was to the Romans, or the Church to Europe of the Middle Ages—a general exchange and place of meeting for everybody. If there is any one place where all Paris can be said to meet, it is, most decidedly, on the course of the Bois de Boulogne. The notabilities of Paris are always present at these vehicular or perambulatory meetings, and an absence is generally remarked.

In the old time—a few years ago—Longchamp was the place. Now-a-days, it is the magnificent courses of splendid equipages at the Bois de Boulogne which attract attention. For the last three or four Sundays they have been brilliant beyond comparison. Nothing but a river could give you an idea of the innumerable vehicles which flowed along the avenue of the Champs Elysees, the Avenue of the Empress, the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne. The great equipages of four horses were, it is true, easily counted, but the elegant turn-outs were in full force, and there was especially a multitude of your exquisite little American vehicles, of Victrolas and of coupes. Luxury is advancing rapidly in France, and if simplicity is lessened, at least comfort has become more general.

Unfortunately, in Paris this moderate luxury and comfort is not always the result of the honest case which comes from work, intelligence and talent. To be convinced of this, one need only see who it is in the majority of those little "turn-outs" which descend, for the greater part, from the heights of the *Land de Lorettes*. The great proportion of these elegant coupes contain only one little *dame mûre*—a little lady by herself—having by her a vacant place which no one dares occupy. No man has the courage to place himself in these compromising vehicles—not even the all-powerful one who pays for the equipage!

A young gentleman very much at home in this world, and very well posted on all its statistics, assures me that there are in Paris three hundred of these protected females who have each a one-horse crew; fifty who have equipages on a larger scale; and only two who have them with four horses. Among these about one hundred and fifty hire their vehicles by the month.

The carriage is, by the way, an indispensable business sign for these beauties. One of the wittiest of them said, lately,

"Mankind, my dear—or men—are very much like hens—they only lay in nests where there already eggs. Where money has gone, there their money goes. My carriage, my lace, my luxury are the proof that I have always eggs in my basket."

And this explains how it is that the oldest, the most *fancées*, the most *saies* of these dames are the most courted. They are the most luxurious, they have the most eggs in the basket.

It is a remarkable thing that, although the Parisians have been calumniated as fickle and changeable, they are steady in the cause of their pleasures. In certain *roles* there is no change. The same persons hold the same place in society for years on years. Here you see belles of sixty, coquettes of fifty, and septuagenary lovers. The world is too polite to displace them, and they remain.

So with these parks and with their races. It is always the same promenade, the same public, the same people who figure in the ceremonies and who are not renewed. Sportsmen, gentlemen riders, amazons, courtesans and courtiers all adhering obstinately to the same characters, all refusing to retire, to take up with other parts. Politics and courts change, but the same people shine in "our set" and "that set." Many who shone during the Restoration are still shining, the fashionable and the woman who glittered under Louis Philippe still glitter—still hold tight to their little sceptres, and wear their little coronets or crowns. Here and there an old face is missed—here and there new, fresh young faces appear, candidates for a seat in "the world"—so runs the world away. But it is wonderfully true what I told you—the park drives and races of Sunday prove that, changeable as the Parisians may be, there is no change in the positions of people in society.

I pass over the race of last Sunday, with its "Emperor's prize" of ten thousand francs, merely mentioning that the first prize was won by Beauvais, belonging to Madame Latache de Fay, mounted by C. Pratt, and the second by Beldine, belonging to M. Mosselman.

This summer all the elegant world is flowing towards Switzerland, although of late years that happy land of sharp shavers and warm patriots has gone down somewhat since it has been cut up by railroads and its lakes vexed by the paddies of steamboats innumerable. Interlachen will, however, be well frequented this season. Since the erection there of the Chateau Kursaal two years ago, many wealthy strangers have gone thither. It has received the Empress Dowager of Russia, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Wurttemberg, the Count of Chambord, the Duchess of Parma, and this year apartments have been secured in it for the Duke de Montpensier and Queen Christina of Spain. The company of one of the theatres of our boulevards has been engaged by the proprietor for his guests, and finally the *rouge et noir* bank there has the reputation of being a most amiably unforgotten and very interesting institution!

Talking of German watering-places, I heard the following "good one" a few days ago. A German prince, who was as desirous as the Duke of Baden to have his mineral waters visited by all the world, sent to many eminent physicians in Paris and London the following letter:

"Sir—We are desirous that you should thoroughly understand the merits of our mineral springs, and know for what a vast variety of diseases they are serviceable. We therefore send you a specimen of them, that you may judge for yourself of their flavor and salutary effects."

With every one of these circulars was a case containing fifty bottles of fine old Johannisberg wine! Thanks to its excellence the doctors made the mineral waters celebrated, and the prince did a good business.

Paris has been, during the past week, as brilliant as a *réserve* of diamonds. There was a brilliant ball and supper given by Madame Benty, an exquisite ball by Madame the Marchioness de Barbotane, in the old Hotel de Tallard. Rue du Bac, while Madame the Marchioness de Boissy gave her last musical *soirée* for the season, at which Madame Ristori declaimed a scene from something. There have also been balls and soirées at Madame de Pommeroy's, at the Countess de Behague's and at the Hotel de Castellane. The ball of M. le Comte de Morny, which it was expected would be very splendid, was delayed until to-morrow (Wednesday week), on account of the sickness of his child.

Yours,

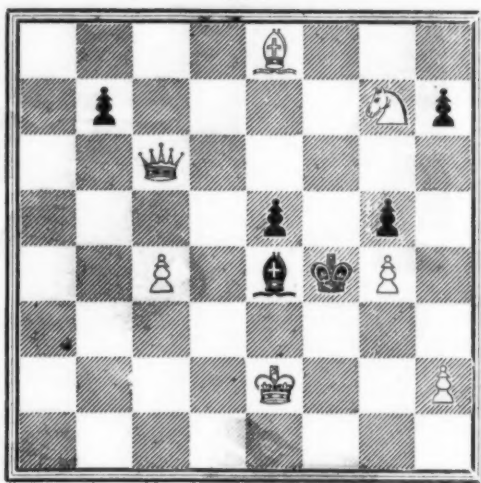
FAMURGE.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM NO. 243.—By W. C. C., New York. White to play and mate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE "GIUOCO PIANO" OPENING.

Of all the royal openings that known as the King's Knight's game is universally considered to be the strongest and soundest line of attack which the first player can adopt upon his second move. The attacks springing from this move are so various and powerful as to render the defence extremely difficult, in proof of which we need only mention the game of Ray Lopez, to which no perfectly satisfactory line of defence has yet been discovered, and the Evans Gambit, in which the resources of the attack are almost inexhaustible. The brilliant variations discovered by that genius Morphy, the able analytical articles by Andersen, Fraser, &c., all confirm the opinion of the great value which is attached to the last-named opening. But while authors have frequently turned their attention to the Evans Gambit, to the two Knights' game, and to the Knight's game of Ray Lopez, the Giuoco Piano, the most ancient of all the King's openings, has of late years been comparatively neglected, as if it were deemed incapable of further development. When we consider that such writers as Damiano, Lopez, Ponziani, Lolli, Greco, Allgaier, Heydebrand, Janisch, Lewis, Boden, Walker and Staunton have all treated upon this form of the Knight's game, it would hardly be believed that a new line of attack should have been discovered which threatens to necessitate extensive additions to the existing analysis of the defences of this opening. The move in question was communicated to us by our esteemed friend and indefatigable contributor, Mr. Silas Angus, who, with his usual acuteness, perceiving the force of the novelty, communicated with us immediately upon the subject.

In November last a match by correspondence was commenced between the clubs of Newcastle and Berwick. The former club having the move, opened the game with the "Giuoco Piano," and after

1 P to K4 P to K4 4 P to QB3 Kt to KB3
2 Kt to KB3 Kt to KB3 5 P to Q4 P to P4
3 B to B4 B to B4 6 P to K5 P to P4

was played (all these moves being made strictly in accordance with the best lines of attack and defence laid down in the books), Mr. Lloyd, one of the members of the Newcastle Club, suggested continuing the attack with P to Q Kt 4, an ingenious novelty not mentioned in any of the books, nor, so far as we recollect, occurring in any recorded games. Upon examining this move we were convinced that it was a very forcible one, and that it requires the greatest care on the part of the defence. In proof of which we append a brief analysis as follows:

7 P to Q Kt 4
Black has apparently two different lines of defence, viz., 7 Kt to K5, and 7 B to Q Kt 3. All other variations may at once be dismissed as inferior. We shall examine these variations respectively.

In the first place, 7 B to Q Kt 3
This will be found, on examination, to be the best defence. (If Black play Q to K 2, White may advantageously reply with Castling.)

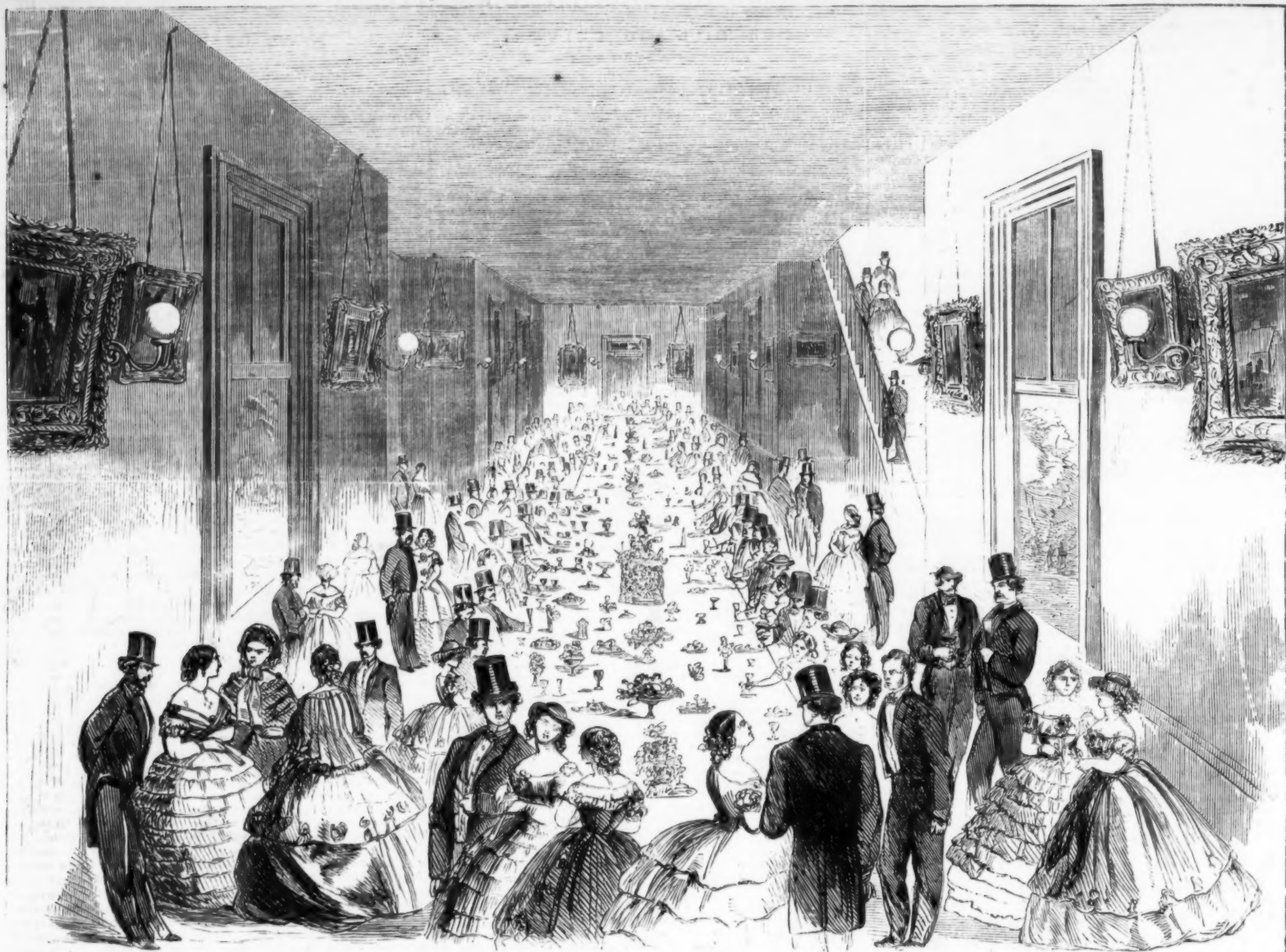
8 P to Kt P to Kt 5
Newcastle adopted here Q to K 2 (ch), but we prefer the move in the text. 9 Kt to Kt sq

We prefer this move to Kt to R 4.
10 Q to K 2 (ch) B to K 3 10 K to B sq would be bad play. Thus 11 K to Kt sq
11 B to R 3 (ch) 12 Kt to P, this is the correct move. 12 Q to Q 4

If 12 B to K 7 and White's attack seems parried. 12 Kt to Q 2, &c. (If 12 Q to Q 2, (Or if 12 P to K 5) 14 B to K 3, winning the exchange)
13 B to Q 7 Q to Q 2 13 B to K 3
13 P to B 14 Q to K 3 Q to Q 2

15 Q to K R 6 Q to K sq (ch) 16 K to B sq, and White must win, as he threatens the terrible move Q to B K 7.
14 B to K 7 Q to Q 2 15 Kt to Q B 3, and White's game is preferable. We now return to the main variation.
11 P to Kt P R to Kt sq 13 B to K B 6, with a fine game.
12 B to K 5 Q to Q 2

In the second place, 7 Kt to K 5
8 P to Kt B 9 P to K 5, and White has a good game.
* Q to K Q P would, perhaps, be the better move.—Eva.



THE FETE CHAMPETRE AT THE RESIDENCE OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ., IN HONOR OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY—THE BANQUET.—SEE PAGE 82.

HON. TOWNSEND HARRIS, AMERICAN MINISTER TO JAPAN.

THE recent advent among us of the princely Embassy from Japan has aroused an unusual degree of interest and attention on the part of the whole American people, and, indeed, of the world. The importance of this deputation, the first of its kind ever sent out from that veiled empire of nearly sixty millions of people, possessing a higher degree of culture and organization than prevails in any other of the Asiatic races, has very naturally led to this stirring result. Amid the enthusiasm and excitement incident upon the arrival of the Embassy, it has seemed almost to have escaped the attention of the citizens of New York, and indeed of the representatives of the Government who have more immediate charge of, and relations with the Embassy, that to a New York boy, afterwards an active and intelligent merchant

among us, now known as the ablest and most successful of American diplomatists on foreign service, the Hon. Townsend Harris, American Minister at the Court of Yeddo, is due the merit of having, by his perseverance, superior address and manly and honorable policy, secured the ratification of the treaty just signed, as well as a special convention, the result of his far-seeing judgment, which bound the Government of the Tycoon to send its first Embassy to the Government of the United States at Washington, thus defeating

(Continued on page 90.)



FETE CHAMPETRE AT J. G. BENNETT'S RESIDENCE—THE BAND OF THE NORTH CAROLINA PERFORMING IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.



THE FETE CHAMPETRE AT J. G. BENNETT'S RESIDENCE—THE JAPANESE PRINCES IN THE PAGODA

MR. AND MRS. JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S FETE CHAMPETRE, AT THEIR RESIDENCE, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, IN HONOR OF THE JAPANESE PRINCES, JUNE 21ST, 1860—THE DANCE UNDER THE TREES—SEE PAGE 82



HON. TOWNSEND HARRIS.

(Continued from page 88.)

the policy of Lord Elgin and the other representatives of the European Governments, and securing immense and substantial material and prospective advantages to this country. The time has come for this seeming forgetfulness of a brilliantly gifted, faithful and indifferently paid public servant to take the form of a criminal neglect, alike disgraceful to the Government and to the American people. It is now high time that the press of his native State, and especially of the city which he has done so much to honor and to benefit as a merchant, an educator, a statesman, a diplomatist and a good citizen, should assert the supremacy of right and justice, and, if need be, compel even a tardy return to public consciousness of the great benefits conferred by our Minister to Japan. Mr. Harris was presented with a magnificent gold box by her majesty Queen Victoria, in token of her appreciation of the valuable aid and co-operation afforded Lord Elgin in negotiating the treaty between Great Britain and Japan.

Mr. Harris was born at Sandy Hall, Washington county, New York, where he received the rudiments of education in the common school, his parents being in moderate circumstances, but unusually intelligent. At the age of fifteen he left his native village, and came to the city of New York, to become a clerk in a dry goods store with his elder brother, where he remained for a year, when he obtained a situation in a large china house. He remained in this until by his energy, integrity and abundant capacity he became a partner in, and afterwards sole proprietor of the establishment, conducting a heavy business with honor and success for a quarter of a century, and surrounding himself with earnest friends from among the most celebrated and high-minded of the merchant princes of New York. The idea and establishment of the Free Academy of this city was entirely due to Townsend Harris. He early saw that, if the city was to participate in the literature fund controlled by the Board of Regents, it must have an institution of academic grade, and submitted his views first to his life-long and tried friend, General Prosper M. Wetmore, who was a member of the Board of Regents. This gentleman sought to dissuade him from the attempt, but in vain; Mr. Harris had fixed upon what he deemed to be the proper line of policy, and immediately commenced a series of labors that would have disheartened a less determined and conscientiously convinced man; and the result, upon an appeal to his fellow-citizens by ballot, was the successful endorsement of his ideas, and the permanent establishment of the Free Academy, designed by him to afford the advantages of a superior theoretical and practical education to the sons of all classes and conditions of the people of the city of New York, upon the single condition of a previous attendance for a year upon one of the ward schools.

Mr. Harris held the position of President of the Board of Education during the years 1846-'47, but resigned upon the conclusion of his successful establishment of the Free Academy.

In 1849, soon after the announcement of the discovery of gold in California, Mr. Harris wound up his business, consolidated his means, paid all his indebtedness, and, without consulting with his friends, purchased a barque, loaded her with an assorted cargo, and set sail, unheralded, for the land of gold and brilliant hopes. On his arrival at San Francisco, he disposed of his cargo, realizing a profit of over twenty thousand dollars. He soon afterwards took command of his own vessel, and sailed for the Straits of Malacca and the Indian Archipelago. This enterprise proved unfortunate, and he was finally obliged to sell his ship, and was, for nearly two years, lost to his friends, who supposed him dead. At the end of this period a letter from him reached General Wetmore, informing him that he had made the tour of the Eastern Pacific countries and the islands adjacent to the Continent of Asia, and that he had, finally, planted himself at Hong Kong. Through the friendship of Governor Marcy, then Secretary of State, he was appointed Consul to the Port of Ningpo, at a salary of a thousand dollars per annum. Upon receiving his appointment, he immediately appointed a Vice-Consul, and started to return to the United States. On his way he met Sir John Bowring, the British Envoy, who had just negotiated a commercial treaty with the Empire of Siam. His extensive information and remarkable powers of observation immediately led to a warm friendship with the Envoy, and he soon obtained a copy of the British treaty, which afterwards proved of very great service as a guide to our Government in preparing its instructions in regard to our present treaty with Siam. On his arrival at Bangkok, he made himself familiar with the capital, the Government and the people of Siam, after which he visited several of the principal cities of British India on a secret, romantic mission, supposed by him, to be in the interests of the London Times. He then returned by the way of London, where he received letters urging his immediate return to the United States, at the instance of Mr. Marcy, who had recommended him to the President to fill the important post of Consul-General to Japan. On his arrival at home, he immediately called on the Secretary, who found him thoroughly posted in regard to the affairs of the East, and directed him to wait on President Pierce, who very soon decided to give the commission to Mr. Harris, to which soon after was added that of Special Envoy to negotiate a commercial treaty with Siam. During his stay in New York his portrait was painted by Bogle, at the instance of H. L. Stuart, Esq., and now occupies a distinguished place at the right hand of De Witt Clinton, the first President of the Public School Society, in the hall of the Board of Education. From this portrait we have made our illustration, there being no other of Mr. Harris in the country.

Mr. Harris left New York in October, 1855, and reached Bangkok in the following March, when he succeeded in negotiating a most favorable commercial treaty, from which more than half a million of dollars have been saved to our citizens in tonnage dues alone up to the commencement of the present year. He then proceeded on his way, arrived at Japan in August, 1856, and entered upon his official duties under the preliminary treaty negotiated by Commodore Perry in 1854. During all this time Mr. Harris acted as a volunteer, as his pay was not to commence until he reached Japan. Three attempts have been made in Congress to remunerate him for his valuable services during this period, and a bill appropriating ten thousand dollars has this session passed the Senate unanimously, and only awaits the action of the House of Representatives at this moment, for ever to blot out this burning and disgraceful fact. The present is a most fortunate time for the President and the Government to do gracefully a tardy act of justice, and we hope that the Princes of Japan will carry back to Yeddo the first information of such action.

On Mr. Harris's career in Japan it is not necessary to enlarge, as all the facts are before the public, and the assurance in our streets of the subjects of the Tycoon is a living commentary on his success.

Mr. Harris has been advanced to the rank of resident Minister and to full pay. His labors have been herculean, and his health is seriously affected. The late rumor of his death is untrue. We have seen a letter from his physician of a date two weeks later than the departure of Captain Tatnall and the Embassy from Yeddo, which says that Mr. Harris is nearly restored to health. A movement is in progress among the friends of the

tion and regard, and many of them will call en masse as his friends and pay their respects to the Embassy before it leaves the country.

Mr. Harris is the first foreigner who ever had the honor of a personal interview with the Monarch of Japan. There is but one charge against him, and that holds equally good against President Buchanan. He is a bachelor, and this is the only reason why we cannot most cordially recommend him to the Baltimore Convention as a candidate for Presidential honors—a position that the American people will be more than likely, should he live, to confer upon him.

Mr. Harris speaks the principal European languages with fluency, and is also familiar with several of the Eastern dialects. He is able to converse in Japanese without the aid of an interpreter, and has long been in the habit of journalizing from day to day his observations, and reflections upon them. This course has placed him in possession of a vast and varied amount of available information upon almost every topic of human interest. His conversational powers are of the highest order, and his judgment of men and things is quick, comprehensive and accurate. He is the soul of manliness and honor.

Mr. Harris is now about fifty-five years old, and in the prime of his fine intellectual powers.

THE MYSTERY;

OR, THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH,

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE next morning Hanway found himself too ill to rise. His master was obliged to dress without his assistance.

"Well, what is the matter with yer?" demanded Keelan, as he visited the sick man's chamber with a basin of tea. "Sir Aubrey is in a fine way; he swears you are love-sick—ha! ha! ha! love-sick! oh! aha! ho!"

"My head is burning," groaned the valet.

"Yer stomach, you mean! But you would drink thin, sour wine, instead of sticking, as I did, to brandy. Here, drink this," added the gipsy, holding the basin to his lips. "It'll soon set you to rights, I warrant."

"I can't," said the former, with a shudder; "there is a loathsome smell in it."

"Ay, ay," interrupted the old man, shaking his head, knowingly; "I told yer it was the stomach. Try, now, do."

"Take it away, it's poison to me."

Although this was uttered without any meaning, but merely to express the loathing of the speaker to the odor, real or imaginary, of the tea, it caused the eyes of Keelan to twinkle curiously, as he peered into the sick man's face.

"Well, if it is poison," he said, "I've just taken a precious lot on it for breakfast."

"Nonsense?" exclaimed Hanway, faintly; "I don't mean that, of course not; in fact, with this racking pain in my head and back, yet I scarcely know what I mean. I should be better if I could only sleep."

During the course of the day the valet became so much worse, that the baronet sent for a medical man, a regular disciple of the Sangrado school, who pronounced the patient to be suffering from a fever, and bled him.

At night the treatment was repeated.

Sir Aubrey Fairclough entreated the doctor to spare no expense, but use his utmost skill to save so valued a servant.

The physician assured him he would not spare expense, and, as a proof of his sincerity, he drew out a blister and a prodigious quantity of medicine.

"What did the doctor say it was?" inquired Keelan.

"Fever," repeated the old man, with a chuckle, "the fool, the fool!"

His foster-son placed his finger upon his lips, as if to impress the necessity of caution, and hastened from the room.

The gipsy resumed his seat.

Every waiter in the hotel carefully avoided the chamber of the sick man. Those who were compelled to pass the door held their breath, or made the sign of the cross. The Neapolitans have an almost childish fear of death, and yet no people in the world are more reckless of human life. The consequence was, that Hanway was left entirely to the care of his attendant and the treatment of the physician—one of those ignorant pretenders whom Goldoni has so exquisitely satirized. Probably it was on account of his ignorance that Sir Aubrey Fairclough employed him. What, with the repeated bleedings, the blister at the back of his neck and the quantity of medicines, which, to carry out the baronet's instructions to spare no expense, the Neapolitan Æsculapius had poured into his system, the unfortunate valet, by nightfall, was pretty well exhausted. His pains had worn themselves out, but a burning thirst tormented him, and he kept continually calling for water.

Each time the old man supplied him with the cooling draught, he contrived to crumble into the glass the dry leaf of a pale, yellow flower. He felt no remorse as he held it to the lips of the sufferer, for between him and the householders there had long been deadly feud.

"I think I shall soon be better," murmured Hanway, "the pain has almost left me; thirst alone torments me now."

"Of course yer will," said Keelan, in a tone of encouragement, to which the smile upon his thin blue lips gave the lie. "It'll be all over before mornin', and yer'll sleep like a tired-out child."

Those who have watched the flickering lamp of life have frequently been startled by the brilliancy of the expiring flash; at the supreme moment, the hitherto clouded intelligence will become clear, and the motives of those with whom we have acted defined. Death drags for an instant the veil aside, to let it fall upon our earthly perceptions for ever.

Keelan was startled at the energy with which the dying man suddenly exclaimed,

"The wine, the wine!"

"Shall I get you some?" he asked.

"No, no; it was poisoned!"

"No, no," said the gipsy; "Sir Aubrey sent it to my chamber himself."

At this confirmation of his suspicions the valet groaned with terror.

"What should be pison you for?" added the old man, sarcastically; "haven't you served him faithfully, and didn't I hear him tell the pretty black-eyed gal that has been a whimperer and asking about yer every hour at the hotel, you wor the best servant he ever had, and that he would provide for her for your sake. As an earnest of his intentions, he chucked her under the chin, and asked her to meet him this evenin' on the kayser, I think he called it."

"Poulties he meant the kiff."

Not one word of this was true; but the speaker cared very little for truth, especially where a lie would answer his purpose better. He had consented to become the instrument of the baronet's scheme for ridding himself of his valet with as little remorse as he would have aided him to poison a rat.

"He is a villain," muttered Hanway, despairingly—"a villain!"

"Have yer only just found that out?" demanded Keelan, with a sneer. "I discovered it years since."

"Can you not send for an English doctor?"

The gipsy shook his head.

"The consul, then?"

"Can't send for any one."

"A clergyman?" gasped the wretched man, terrified at the approach of death.

"What's the use on't? They ain't got no English parsons in this outlandish place; and, if they had, yer master wouldn't let one come near you. I'd say a prayer for yer myself," added the old man, "if I knew one, and thought it would do yer any good."

"It is dreadful to die alone, or worse than alone, with only this mocking devil by my side," exclaimed the valet, wringing his hands.

"Well, I dare say it ain't comfortable," observed Keelan, philosophically; "not that I am so bad as you think me."

"Your turn will come next."

"Will it, though?" said the old man, sneeringly. "Well, I ain't afraid on it; the Romans know how to die. If the world has taught him nothing else, it has taught him that."

"Oh, for an hour's strength," muttered the dying man. "I'd crush him. Fool that I was to trust to his specious promises—his protestations of gratitude."

"Well, if yer weak," was the quiet commentary of his bearer.

"Come nearer," said his victim; "if I thought you would carry out my last wishes, I—could almost forgive you."

"Forgive me! What?"

"My death. It is useless to lie to me. You can't deceive me now. But no, no, you are attached to this monster. I have heard him boast that he could twist and bend you at his will."

"Can he? maybe he'll find himself mistaken."

"When you have assisted him in the scheme for which he sent you," said Hanway, impressively, "it will be your turn. It was settled between us. My refusal to accompany him to England has made me the first victim to his fears."

The gipsy regarded him attentively.

"I dare not lie at such a moment," added the speaker, faintly.

A fearful scowl appeared upon the wrinkled features of Keelan.

"If yer have anything upon yer mind," he observed, "why don't yer tell it?"

"I will," said the valet, with sudden determination; "the chance of revenge shall not die with me."

"That's right."

"Nearer—nearer, whilst I still have strength!"

The gipsy drew close to the bedside of the dying man, and bent over him to catch his words, which, brief as they were, produced an extraordinary effect upon him. He smiled, rubbed his hands, and broke into one of those low, guttural chuckles, the sign of pleasure or excitement with him.

"And does your wife know this?" he whispered.

"No; she was not to be trusted."

"And the woman, the servant who—"

"Her name was Jane Purbroyd. The money that Sir Aubrey bribed her with induced a young fellow, a carpenter by trade, to marry her. They sailed for Australia in the Herald. The vessel and all hands were lost."

"All?" repeated Keelan.

"We are the only persons who know the secret, then?" said the old man.

"The only ones," replied the valet. "I feel better now I have relieved my mind by telling you. I have planted the seed; it will become a tree in time, and the fruit will be justice on my murderer."

"Not unlikely," said the gipsy, rising from his seat and crossing the room to the table.

Hanway followed him with his eyes, watching every movement.

Keelan took one of the napkins several times, and steeped it in the water till the folds were completely saturated; then returned with it in his hand towards the bed.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed the dying man.

"It will cool yer."

"You mean to murder me—I read it in your eyes. Let me live—only one hour for repentance!"

"Nonsense!"

"But till I have said my prayer," added the valet, frantically.

"No use," was the brutal reply.

The cries of the friendless wretch were quickly stifled by the cloth which the aged assassin held over the mouth and nostrils of his victim, till the last breath had fled, when he cautiously removed it.

"There is only one who knows it now," he muttered, with a chuckle, "and that's myself. I'm glad it's over. I couldn't bear to see his eye-a-follerin' me if I only moved my hand. I was to have been the first, was I?" he added, apostrophizing the corpse. "Pah! the house-dweller is no match for the Roman!"

Without the slightest emotion, the old man smoothed the coverlet of the bed, which had been disarranged in the struggle, and then composed the features of the dead.

"The house-dwellers would call this murder, I suppose; because a man, a creature like themselves, called a judge, didn't order it. Is it the wig, or the gown, I wonder, that gives him the right to take life, and appetite to eat a good dinner afterwards? I heard one once, at Norwich 'sized, talk about society. I am society, and appoint myself judge, jury and hangman; there be no difference, so as the prisoner deserves it."

The speaker lit his pipe, and during the rest of the night continued to watch by the corpse of the valet.

When the charlatan, who had been employed on account of his ignorance instead of skill, visited his patient the following morning, he expressed neither surprise nor suspicion at the result. The case he declared to have been hopeless from the very first.

"A certificate, or some formality of that kind, I believe, is necessary," observed the baronet, in a careless tone, after handing the physician a handsome fee to mark his sense, as he said, of the attention he had paid to his faithful servant.

The doctor sat down to write it.

"Fever, I think?"

"Fever, my lord," repeated the modern Sangrado.

"Malignant, I presume; or it would not have baffled your well-known skill."

"Decidedly malignant."

"In that case, would it not be advisable to fill the coffin with quicklime?"

Lady Fairclough and my son are in the hotel, and I feel anxious on their account."

The physician was about to suggest the same precaution.

The following night the body of Hanway was interred in the burial-ground reserved for strangers—it being the custom in Naples, and indeed in most southern countries, not to keep their dead more than twenty-four hours.

Having thus rid himself of one whose fidelity he could no longer place reliance on, Sir Aubrey determined to carry out his unmanly scheme of vengeance against Milly—expose her, as he hoped, to the scoffs of her fellow-countrywomen, without being seen in it himself.

For this purpose he caused Keelan to frequent daily the Jardino Reale, where the English were in the habit of promenading. For the first time he showed something like reluctance to the task.

"What ails you?" demanded his employer. "You have lost your nerve since that last affair—growing childish."

"She is my grandchild," observed the gipsy.

"What of that? Is she dearer to you than gold?"

"I can't take it with me when I die," replied the old man; "besides, she has suffered enough for her disobedience already."

To this observation his foster-son replied only by a scornful laugh.

"Tis all very well," continued Keelan; "but were you in my place, would yer sacrifice the last livin' thing that belonged to yer?"

"As I would a dog," answered the libertine, carelessly, "if it were my interest or pleasure to do so."

The gipsy regarded him with an expression of sadness, and turned away.

"This is folly," continued the tempter. "You are growing nervous. What is Milly to you? In the pride of her new rank she will scorn you."

The eyes of her grandfather began to glisten like those of a half-roused snake.

"If I thought that!" he muttered.

"She will order you from her presence."

"Only let her do that."

"I tell you that she will," repeated the baronet. "What sympathy can she have with the relative that would have forced her to the arms of Kaled?"

The old man made no further objection, but consented once more to repair to Jardino Reale, resolved if Milly scorned or treated him with the pride of the house-dweller, to reproach her with her fall in the presence of her countrymen.

The habit of judging others by ourselves is as common as it is fallacious. Lady Dalville not only retained her simple, affectionate nature, but had formed a higher estimate of her duties. The first desire of her heart was to win the approbation of her husband; the next, to secure her own. If she had pride, it was the pride of womanhood—her scorn was for the mean and worthless; not the poor; and probably she would have felt all the happier had her lot been cast in a humbler station.

Her cowardly betrayer had well chosen the time for insulting his victim. Milly, accompanied by her husband, had just bid adieu to several of her countrywomen, and was about to enter her carriage, when her eyes encountered those of Keelan.

Surprise for an instant struck her mute.

"What!" said the old man, spitefully, "yer don't know me, don't yer?"

"Who is this man?" inquired the earl.

"My grandfather, my lord," answered his wife, firmly. " Astonishment at the unexpected meeting alone prevented my recognising him. His arrival is a reproach to me for neglecting him. Forgive me, grandfather," she added, holding out both her hands to him. "I do know you, and should blush were I capable of disowning you."

Her husband regarded her with pride, the gipsy with confusion, perhaps also with a better feeling; she had neither scorned nor denied the tie between them.

"You were always a good girl, Milly," he muttered, "the house-dwellers have not spoiled you. And who is that?"

This question was accompanied by a significant glance at the earl.

"My husband, Lord Dalville."

"What! a real lord?"

"Who is equally willing to acknowledge his relationship with you," observed the peer, extending his hand to him.

Keelan touched it doubtfully—he seemed like one in a dream.

The Earl of Dalville had too much knowledge of the world not to judge correctly whence the blow came; but he despised it. Milly was his wife; in marrying her he accepted the consequences of his act, even to her poor relations.

"You will return with us," said Milly.

"No, no," muttered the old man. "I don't deserve it."

"Where should your home be but with us?" urged his grand-daughter. "I long to bear by what strange accident you found your way to Naples. I am sure my lord wishes—"

"Certainly," exclaimed the peer.

"I tell yer, no," repeated the gipsy, yet more obstinately than before.

He passed his withered hand across his brow, like one stricken with a sudden pain, and turned away.

"Where are you going?" inquired his lordship, kindly.

"Don't ask me. Anywhere, anywhere—but not to her house."

At this embarrassing moment, Randall Rand, who had been walking in the gardens, came up, and recognising his fellow-passenger on board the packet, spoke to him.

"There, there," said Keelan, "he knows it."

"Knows what?"

"How I was brought here. It won't be my fault."

By a most ingenious artifice writhed upon his ignorance," said the clerk. "I believe that during our voyage I made some progress in his confidence, and had I been aware that your excellency felt interested, or was in any way connected with him, some unpleasantness might have been avoided."

"There is no unpleasant feeling on my part," observed the peer. "This old man is the grandfather of my wife. I care not who knows it. I did not marry Lady Dalville for her birth or fortune. It is my wish," he added, "that he should return home with us."

"I'll go," said Keelan, suddenly. "I'll go. The other called me horrible wretch; Milly welcomed me with a smile. I'll go," he added, emphatically, "I'll go."

Randall Rand offered the gipsy his arm, and led him to the carriage, where his grand-daughter was already seated.

Some approved, others sneered, as the old man took his seat beside her. As the vehicle drove off he kept repeating to himself the words "horrible wretch!" and a peculiar smile accompanied them.

CHAPTER LVII.

An extraordinary change had taken place in the feelings of Keelan. It was not exactly remorse for the treacherous part he had undertaken to act towards Milly—his moral perceptions were too blunt, or rather had never been sufficiently cultivated, for that—but a species of regret that sprang from her frank acknowledgment of the relationship between them. The old gipsy had been taught to expect scorn, and he met kindness—pride, and he was encountered with that sweet humility which wins an interest in the hardest nature, softens and renders it almost human.

"Grandfather," said Lady Dalville, on their arrival at the villa, "you have not informed me yet by what strange accident we meet in Naples."

"The house-dweller brought me here."

"The house-dweller?"

"Yes, he—you know who I mean."

This was accompanied by a significant glance at his lordship. Keelan evidently thought she would not wish him to explain himself further in the presence of the earl.

"I have no secrets from my husband," observed Milly, with unaffected simplicity.

"Haven't yer?" exclaimed the old man, sharply. "Well, you are a wonder! From a kitchen I never could make yer out exactly; yer always would be telling the truth."

"Sure that is not a reproach?" said his excellency.

"Umph! Well, that's as it may be. Truth is all right, perhaps, in the tents; but with the house-dwellers, perhaps, it ain't. Times are badly changed from when I was a boy," continued the gipsy; "we won't hunt them like the wild cat and the stoat from the green lanes and commons as we are now. And yet yer wonder why we hate the house-dwellers?"

"I have frequently thought," observed the peer, "that your race has been unwisely, not to say harshly, treated."

"You must quit your wandering mode of life," continued the speaker; "a cottage on my estate in England shall be provided, and the means assured of passing your remaining years in comfort and tranquillity."

"Thanks, thanks!" said Milly; "your kindness has anticipated my wish."

"But it ain't mine!" exclaimed the old man, moodily. "I should die shut up between four walls—I'm tired enough on it already. I'm a real gipsy—was born in a tent, have lived in a tent and intend to die in one. You may stare, my lord—since you are a lord," he continued—"but I mean it. I like to hear the wind whistle round my tent, the rain patter on it, and feel myself snug and warm within. Then, in the mornin', the sweet, fresh air—I should miss that—and the smoke of the camp-kettle! A cottage? a prison! No one—man, woman or kitchen—with a drop of the real Romany blood in 'em, ever took kindly to the life of the house-dweller."

"Your granddaughter has taken to it," observed his lordship.

This simple observation appeared to distress the gipsy exceedingly—in fact, his embarrassment amounted to almost confusion. Milly and her husband both noticed it, and secretly wondered at the cause.

"Grandfather," exclaimed Lady Dalville, "do not refuse—you will make me very unhappy!"

Keelan looked earnestly in her face, and she felt the long bony hand she had taken tremble slightly in hers.

"Pish!" he ejaculated at last. "If you had loved the old man, you'd never have quitted the camp of the people."

"At least you will promise to remain with us," observed his lordship.

"Where should yer home be in a strange land but with your grandchild?"

"You are afraid I should peach," exclaimed the old man, with a cunning chuckle. "No," he added, emphatically, "no; I ain't bad enough for that."

"I fear nothing," replied the husband of Milly, with dignity. "My offer arose from a sense of duty. If a single guinea would purchase your silence I would not give it. Were the story of your grandchild told to-morrow, it could only cover with shame her infamous betrayal."

"Well—well!" muttered the gipsy, "he is a bad un!"

"A villain—heartless villain!" added the peer; "cowardly as base. By heaven, I wonder at my patience with him!"

"Why, yer wouldn't harm him, would yer?"

There was something so peculiar in the tone in which Keelan put the question, that it staggered Dalville. He could not comprehend the wondrous interest the speaker evidently felt in the destroyer of poor Milly's happiness.

"Why should ye take interest in yer?" he asked.

"Well, umph! it ain't worth yer riskin', that's all; my wife nursed him; and after all, blood as my sister says, is thicker than water."

"Blood!" repeated the nobleman; "I do not understand you. It is your granddaughter who possesses that claim upon you."

"Yes, of course it is. Still, I can't stand by and see any harm happen to Sir Aubrey; so if you mean anything at all, you may count on one against yer."

"Yourself, I suppose?"

The gipsy nodded in the affirmative, and met his scrutiny with a look so full of defiance and malice that it aroused a singular, because most improbable, suspicion in the mind of the speaker.

"My conduct to your employer," he coolly observed, "will depend upon his towards his victim."

"Oh! that's fair enough."

"Leave me with the old man," said his wife. "You cannot comprehend his thoughts and feelings; he is devoted to his foster son."

"So it appears—heart and soul."

"And hand, too, my lord," added the gipsy. "It may be as well to mind that."

The words sounded almost like a threat.

Milly looked at her husband imploringly.

"As you please," added the noble-minded man; "but remember, there must be no yielding one jot of your dignity and self-respect, even to your grandfather."

"What did he say?" inquired Keelan, as the speaker quitted the room.

"Nothing—at least nothing that you could comprehend."

"Because I ain't book-larn't, I suppose," replied the old man; "mayhap I know more than them as are."

"G and father," said Lady Dalville, "is this kind—is it just? In childhood did I ever disobey you?"

"Umph! well, p'raps not."

"Did I not watch over your safety in the tents, and love you as much as you would let me?"

The gipsy's countenance, which during the latter part of the interview had worn a defiant scowl, gradually softened.

"Yer did, yer did," he murmured.

"Why, then, should you resist the offer of providing for your age?" continued Milly; "one would imagine it was an injury I had proposed."

"Because yer only did it to get me out of the way."

"No, gran'father," exclaimed Milly; "before our marriage I told my husband everything. I was broken-hearted, crushed, lost in my own esteem; his clear judgment restored my self-respect, by proving to me that I had erred unwittingly. Lord Dalville has already tendered his resignation of the high post he holds to the Government; in a few weeks he retires from public life for ever."

"What, gives up his place?" ejaculated her hearer; "why, Sir Aubrey said it was worth six thousand a year, at least!"

"He is more than rich enough without it," was the reply.

"A man's coin's worth, enough," muttered the gipsy. "The fool! the fool! Six thousand a year! I wonder if there really is so much money in the world. Ain't it a lie?—No? Then, I'll tell yer what, Milly," he added, coaxingly, "yer shall do—give me some of yer gold."

"Willingly, grandfather; how much do you require?"

"A hundred, at the very least. I'll go to the crib Sir Aubrey is staying at—tote! I think they call it—"

"Pay him back the bribe he gave you," said Lady Dalville, finishing the sentence for her grandfather.

"It won't be enough for that," observed Keelan, cunningly.

"Name the sum."

"Two hundred, at the very least."

Milly quitted the room, and in a few minutes returned with the sum in a small canvas bag, which she placed in the hands of her grandfather, who clutched it with such trembling eagerness, that it almost baffled his attempt to open it. A cry of delight escaped him as he poured the glittering contents upon one of the marble tables in the salon, and began to arrange them in piles containing five each before him.

"Real," he cried, in a tone of excitement—"ten, twenty—they are real—twenty-five, thirty—good gal; yer ought to be fond on me—thirty, thirty-five, forty—and provide for yer old granddad—forty-five, fifty—but not in a cottage though—fifty-five, sixty—I should die very soon—sixty-five, seventy."

"My husband, I am certain, will keep his promise in any way likely to conduce to your happiness."

"Then he's a trump. Ninety-five—don't interrupt me—a hundred."

Milly sighed as she watched the intense gratification with which her grandfather replaced the sum he had counted in the bag.

"You will come back to us?" she said, when the second hundred had been counted.

"Of course I will," replied Keelan; "it ain't every goose as lays such eggs. What 'ud they say in the tents if they wor to see you, and know how rich yer are? But we'll keep that secret to ourselves—eh, gal, eh?"

To this Lady Dalville made no reply. Her heart revolved at the mercenary disposition of the old man, who, after carefully concealing the money in his vest, left the villa with a promise to return.

"Why should I blame him?" she murmured; "it is his nature—not the one heaven, but the world, has given him. The best of us are the creatures of circumstances. Who that seriously reflects on their condition shall dare to cast the first stone?"

We scarcely need inform our readers that the gipsy had not the slightest intention of paying Sir Aubrey back a single shilling of any sum of money he had ever received from him. It would have been as easy to draw blood from a rock as to induce him voluntarily to resign one of the golden pieces; and yet, like most of us, his heart was not all clay; the noble conduct of Milly had touched it.

On reaching the hotel he found Sir Aubrey Fairclough in a state of painful excitement. Not only had his scheme of mortifying the earl and his wife been defeated, but his agent had accompanied them to their home. There was danger in it, and he trembled at the result.

"Is this yer promise?" he demanded, sternly, when the gipsy stood before him.

"You have been tampering with my enemies."

"Can't help it," replied the old man, sullenly, for the tone stung him, and he involuntarily compared it with his granddaughter's reception of him. "We have all our failings, and blood is thicker than water."

"Idiot, you have betrayed me!"

"No, I ain't; and what's more, I don't intend to betray you."

"Why did you undertake the task if you lacked courage to go through with it?"

"Why did you scheme to get me over here?" retorted Keelan, angrily.

"I'll just tell yer what it is, Sir Aubrey. I have done more for yer than I'd done for any man livin'."

"Well, I said you."

"That's true—badly enough; but I won't hard on yer. I served yer as much for love as money."

An incredulous smile played on the features of the baronet.

The interview, which threatened to prove a stormy one, was interrupted by the entrance of Sir Aubrey Fairclough's infant son and heir. The child ran to his old playfellow, and, springing on his knee, threw his little arms around his neck. Keelan hugged the boy as tenderly as a bear might be supposed to caress a dove.

"Ah! ah!" he muttered, "nater is stronger than temper; but don't rile me too far—I tell you it will do no good. If I had wanted to split on yer I needn't have come back to do it."

There was some truth in the observation, and the baronet lowered his haughty tone.

"Sull you have deceived and disappointed me," he observed.

"Well, I wor yer own fault," replied the gipsy—"you deceived me."

"Didn't yer tell me that Milly was proud and scornful?"

"What then?"

"She wor notlik of the kind," replied the old man; "but good and kind as she always wor, afore yer stole her from the tents."

"You will persuade me next," exclaimed the libertine, with a sneer, "that you love your granddaughter—as if anything but gold ever touched your heart."

"Didn't I tell you," said Keelan; "you are book-larn't, like most of the house-dwellers, but maybe you can't read all. I'll tell you what it is," he added, "the gal behaved like a child to me, and hang me if ever I cross her."

"You won't?"

"I won't," repeated the gipsy, holding up his right hand, with his thumb pressed in a peculiar manner against the palm. "You are Romanny enough to know what that means. I've sworn it, and all yer money won't tempt me to break it."

"Can yer be satisfied?" he asked. "Her husband has given up his place here. Six thousand counters a year, at the very least—ain't that revenge?"

This intelligence changed the purpose of the betrayer. He was on the eve of his departure for England. On his arrival there, he saw in the means of wounding the man he hated where he was most sensitive—in his honor.

"Perhaps I have been too impetuous," he observed, holding out his hand.

"P'raps yer have."

In two days I return to England; you, of course, will accompany me."

Keelan eyed him suspiciously; and not much like the sudden change in his tone and manner. He remembered how fairly he had spoken to Hanway.

"Afore I answer that, Sir Aubrey, send the kitchen out of the room."

The baronet rang for the nurse to take the child.

"And now shut the door—close, close," added the old man. "If a word of what I am about to tell yer should be heard, the game's up."

"What game?" he asked.

"To do as I bid yer, and yer son shall."

Wondering what was to follow, the gentleman obeyed him.

"Now," he exclaimed, impatiently, "what is it?"

"I must tell yer my own way," replied the gipsy, "and mind yer don't interrupt me. I ain't as patient as I used to be. Wherever feel the hot curse rise to yer lips, swallow it; it mayn't be safe to spit it out, I can tell yer. Do you recollect your mother?"

"Perfectly."

"What sort of a lady wor she?"

"Not unlike myself—proud, passionate and vindictive," answered Sir Aubrey.

Keelan nodded his head and chuckled.

"She wor yer father's second wife, and he had a son—a hare I think they called him—by his first; but however that might be, he was to have all the money and the lands and the woods where I and those who are gone afore me pitched their tents for many a hundred years. They wor good times for the Romanny then."

"Proceed," said his hearer, impatiently.

"I'm coming to it. Yer brother wor a weak and sickly child. May be the stepmother could have explained that; though he did live to disappoint her; she never thought he would, but that everything would be for her own son—if she had one."

Sir Aubrey Fairclough slowly repeated his words—"if she had one."

"The lady didn't care about gals—and I don't wonder at it; they are helpless things, and a mort of trouble; fit only to cook and keep the fires in the tents; but my gal, that's different. When she was near her time she told her husband, she had made up her mind for a Romanny nurse—a strange fancy for a house-dweller, worn't it?"

Thick drops of perspiration stood on the brow of his hearer, who almost divined the blow about to be levelled at his pride.

"Can't yer guess why she wanted one?" added the speaker, lowering his voice to a whisper, so low, yet piercing, that it sounded like the hiss of a snake.

"No, no."

"Shall I tell yer? That if it turned out a gal, the Romanny nurse might change kitchens with her."

"Liar!" exclaimed the baronet, starting to his feet—"impudent, audacious liar!"

Keelan showed neither resentment nor surprise at this wild outbreak of passion, which doubtless appeared very natural.

"Remember what I told yer," said the gipsy—"swallow it, swallow it. It did turn out a gal, and they changed it. The mother of Milly," he added, "wor the daughter of Sir Richard Fairclough."

"And I?" murmured the baronet—"I?"

"You are my son!" replied Keelan, calmly.

A thousand proofs—things unnoticed at the time—confirmed his assertions. The wretched man remembered the indifference with which his supposed mother had always treated him—her impatient submission to the exacting fondness of his gipsy nurse, who came continually to the house and insisted upon having him at the tent, for a day or two; a demand the haughty lady yielded to, under pretence of caring for his health.

He recollected also the mother of his victim—a fair, delicate girl—compelled, when a mere child, to become the wife of a member of the gang, and who died at the early age of sixteen, in giving birth to Milly.

"It's all true," said the gipsy; "and that's why I learnt you the Romanny roca-pen—yer look to it naterally enough—larn't yer all but how to mix the dril. It won't money alone that tempted me to lend yer a hand so often."

"You have had no proof of this," observed Sir Aubrey, gloomily.

"Haven't I?" exclaimed his father. "What a fool I should be to have told you without proof, and you with your fingers itching to be at my throat! No proof!" he added, with a chuckle, "ha, ha, ha! what do yer think I kept for so many years in the chest yer used to ask me about, eh?"

The intention the speaker alluded to, if ever it had entered the mind of his son, was dismissed—at least for the present.

"That's right," said the old man, laughing again, "swallow it, swallow it!"

"Where are the proofs?" eagerly demanded the baronet.

"Where you can't get at 'em," replied his parent with a knowing wink. "I ain't so green as that! But where they'll be used if anything should happen to me."

"What should happen to you under my roof?"

"Well, I don't see much fear on it now."

"Explain the nature of them to me. You cannot expect me to believe this wild, improbable tale upon your bare word."

"P'raps not," answered Keelan; "and yet yer do believe it. But as I've began, I'll make an end on it. Your mother—I mean yer real mother; ah, she was a woman! warmin't to the back bone!—heard as my lady wor dyin', so she starts to the hall to nurse her. Lotty had eyes about her and her hands ready wherever she went, and as for hearin', there never was one like her! Well, she soon found out which way the wind lay. The weak heart of the house-dweller got afeard, she began snivelling for her child—her own child. And Lotty saw that she would peach, so she took care to prevent it."

"By what means?"

"How can I tell?—I won't there, and never asked her. All I know is, she wor alone with her at night when she died. Under her pillow your mother found a paper, in which it was all written down in her own handwriting, axing pardon of her husband and heaven for her pride and wickedness."

"And she destroyed it?" exclaimed Sir Aubrey, eagerly.

"No, she didn't—that's the proof I told yer on."

"But you cannot read."

"Lotty could," replied his father, sharply.

"And you have never revealed the secret to any one?" observed his son.

"Not even to Martha," replied Keelan, "though she is true as steel. I'm too proud on yer for that. You are to be a lord soon, Hanway told me—a lord! Ha! ha! what a rise out of the house-dwellers! Ha! ha! ha! If Lotty could have lived to see it!"

"Let us at least be friends," said Sir Aubrey Fairclough, for he must still continue to speak of him by his usurped title, "at least till this extraordinary tale can be investigated. Of course," he added, "I shall provide for you."

"Of course," repeated his parent.

"I always intended it."

"As yer did for Hanway?" asked the gipsy, with a chuckle, for he had not forgotten the assertion of the dying valet.

Sir Aubrey resisted the strong temptation to strangle him by quitting the room.

A low chuckle from Keelan followed him.

Two days afterwards the baronet and his family quitted Naples for England by the packet, taking the gipsy with them.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The melancholy fate of Oliver Brandreth proved a sad blow to Peter and his master. They both loved him for his noble, manly qualities—his frank, ingenious nature and his kindness of heart. His loss was like rending from the gnarled trunk of age the last green bough the storms of centuries had spared, and the old man mourned for him as for a son.

In the midst of his own grief Major Henderson sincerely pitied the unhappy father, the victim of a life of suspicion—was too late. Peter, on the contrary, rejected in his superiority, the mere man.

"The fool! the fool!" he said, when speaking of the captain; "he wasn't worthy of such a son. But it all comes of travelling. Englishmen should stick at home; foreign ways ain't our ways, and thank God they are not!"

To John Compton's clerk, Randal, the event was equally painful; the grateful fellow had looked forward with such pleasure to meeting his youthful benefactor, grasping him by the hand, proving to him how his employer trusted him, and telling him that it was his work. He would sit for hours with Peter and Mari, listening to anecdotes of Oliver's school days, traits of his courage, boyish generosity—his adventures in Milan and in Rome.

"He was the making of a man," exclaimed the veteran, emphatically.

"The making of one, did I say?—he was a man!"

In the speaker's opinion, this was the highest praise he could bestow, and we, for one, acknowledge that he was not singular in it.

It was during one of these conversations—which had been prolonged to rather a late hour—that the speakers were startled by a tapping at the window of the little pavilion, at the bottom of the garden of the hotel, where they were seated.

Peter called the pavilion his den.

As the window looked into the narrow street of the Neapolitan, neither of them at first paid any attention to it till the signal was repeated.

Randal rose to open the shutter.

"Stop," said the old soldier, taking down one of his pistols. "Now, then, I am ready."

"Peter," exclaimed a well-known voice, "let me in."

"All right."

The faithful fellow never stopped to inquire why his master preferred entering by the window instead of the door, but threw open the casement—not, however, till he had taken the precaution to extinguish the lamp.

"Well done, old campaigner!" said Major Henderson, as he stepped into the room. "Don't close the shutters yet; I am not alone."

A figure muffled in a cloak followed him.

When the shutters were once more fastened, and the lamp relit, Peter and Mari recognized the servant of Mr. Austin, Philippo. The clerk was the master's, who had evidently lent it to him as a disguise, for, when he did so, his countenance threw it aside, he appeared in the dress of a Neapolitan beggar.

"To think I should ever see an Englishman in such a state," muttered the veteran. "Why, he'd look more respectable tarred and feathered."

"Give him some wine," said his master; "he is faint and weary."

The flask the old soldier and Randal had been drinking from was passed in an instant.

"What have you to tell me?" added the speaker, as soon as Philippo had refreshed himself; "you may speak before this gentleman."

"I arrived in Naples alone, three days since, from the island of Capri, where we had lain concealed since—the affair you know of. While there, the fishermen brought in two swimmers they had picked up at sea—one of them an old man; the other my poor master saw was—"

"Oliver?" exclaimed the major.

"Yes."

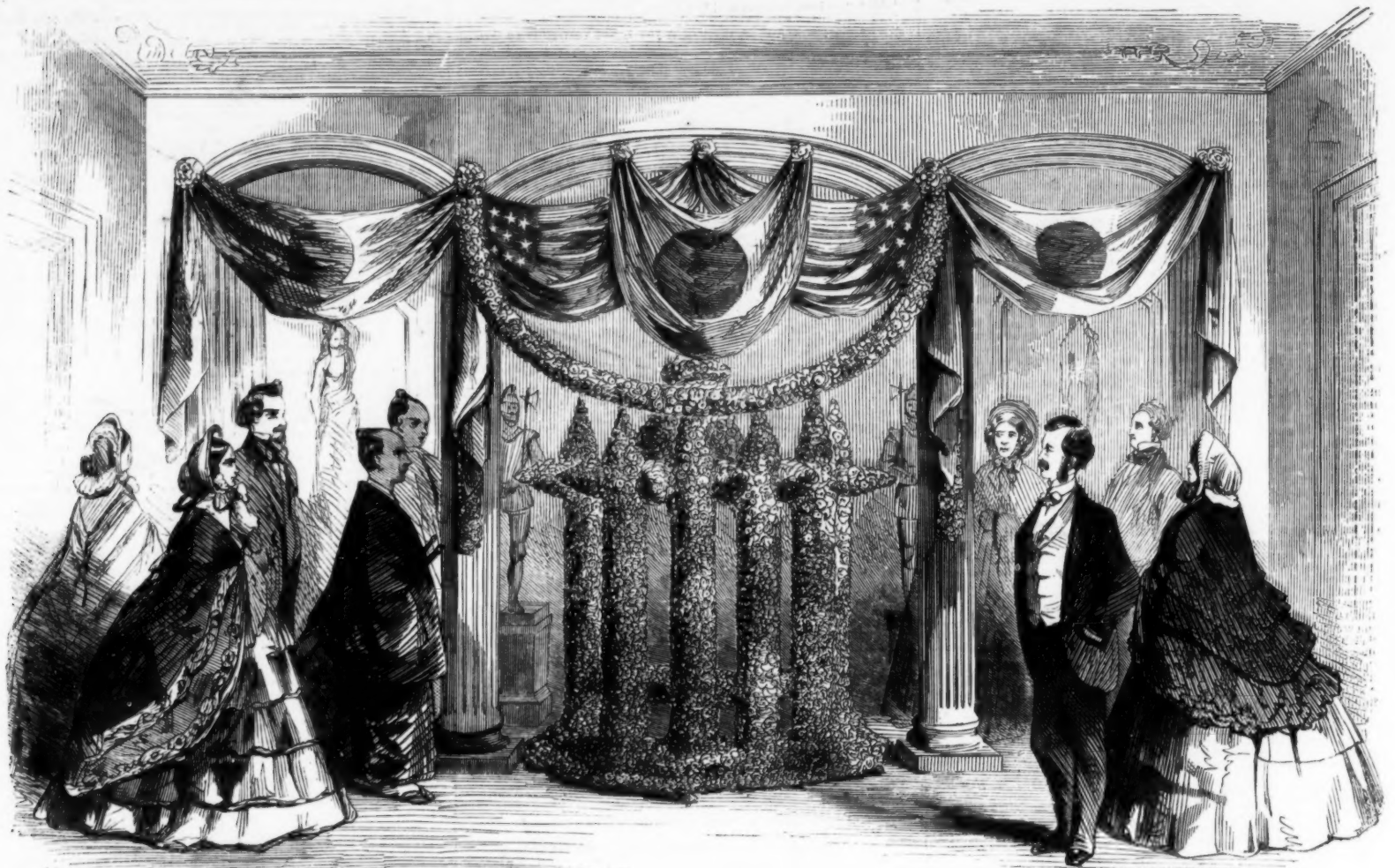
"His body you mean?"

"He and his companion were both alive," said Philippo, "when they landed there. From his place of concealment in the rocks Mr. Austin saw them walk towards the town; it is true they were weak, and required to be supported."

Peter Mari uttered a frantic cheer, threw up his cap, then rushed to the speaker, grasped his hand, apologised for his ungovernable emotion to tar and feathers, and finally concluded the *avande honorably* by offering him the calash of peace in the shape of his own pipe.

"Silence!" said his master, "I command you."

The veteran saluted military fashion, and stood rigid as a sentinel upon guard.



FLORAL DECORATION AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, PRESENTED TO THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS BY BENJAMIN WOOD, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 86.

AMERICAN WATCHES

Presented by the American Watch Company, of Waltham, Mass., to the Emperor of Japan and his Chief Ambassador.

ONE of the most tasteful, rich and appropriate presents made to the Japanese Embassy was quietly made on Wednesday last, by the American Watch Company, through Captain Dupont, the head of the Naval Commission.

This present consisted of two superb gold hunting watches, one for His Majesty the Tycoon of Japan, and the other for the Chief Ambassador. These watches were prepared with a view to giving the Japanese an idea of the skill of our countrymen in the delicate art of watchmaking, and are admirable in design and finish.

The one designed for the Tycoon bears a finely engraved likeness of President Buchanan on the lid over the dial, and a spread eagle carved in a solid block of gold on the other lid. The dial is finished with the ordinary arrangement for seconds, with Arabic numerals on the outer hour and minute circle, and the corresponding Japanese characters representing the day divided into six



FACE OF WATCH, WITH JAPANESE LETTERS INDICATING THE HOURS.

hours of one hundred and twenty minutes each, with a red sign to indicate the half hours on an inner circle.

The second watch bears an engraving of the Capitol at Washington and other appropriate emblems, including the crossed standards of the two countries on one side, and on the other a noble steamship finely engraved, forming an appropriate emblem of the newly-awakened spirit of amity existing between the United States and Japan. The dial of this watch is finished with the Japanese numerals around the outer circle, and corresponding Roman numerals, smaller, in an inner circle. Both dials are models of elegant workmanship, and will compare favorably with anything of the kind ever made. The arrangement of the characters was made by the chief interpreter, at the request of Captain Dupont, through the aid of Mr. Portman, at the instance of Mr. H. L. Stuart, the able representative of the Company, while the Embassy was in Washington. The movements are of the new series of thin watches lately issued by the Company, and are of extreme beauty and delicacy of finish.

These admirable timekeepers cost the company about three hundred dollars each, and are equal to any watches in the world.



FRONT VIEW OF THE CASE.

The chief member of the Embassy and his princely associates manifested much gratification at the receipt of this delicate compliment, and made numerous inquiries in relation to watchmaking in this country. A deputation, with their interpreter, will visit the establishment of Messrs. Robbins & Appleton, the agents of the Company, 182 Broadway, during the present week, to obtain a list of prices and other information, to be incorporated in the report of the Embassy to be made to the Japanese Government on their return. We see no reason why Swiss watches, even when bearing another name, should be palmed off, as they have been, upon the subordinates of the Embassy as real products of American skill.



BACK VIEW OF THE CASE.

Both of these watches were made by a system of original American machinery in the only establishment of the kind in the world, and are constructed entirely of American materials by American artisans.

Presents of this character, while they demonstrate the manufacturing capacities of our country, will inevitably attract the trade which it is the great object of the United States, by the treaty, to open, stimulate and establish between the two countries.

BRUMMAGEM PRINCIPLE IN PARIS.

A RIDICULOUS affair is said to have happened in Paris a short time since, the hero being an Englishman. The omnibuses, as it is well known, are furnished with a small gong and dial, by which the accounts are kept of the number of people entering the carriage in the course of the day. The Englishman in question desired to descend when the conductor was on the roof collecting the fares from the outside passengers, and thinking the gong in question was used as a warning to the driver to pull up, our friend pulled the



INTERIOR OF THE WATCH, SHOWING THE MOVEMENT.

string some twenty times. This brought down the conductor, who begged to know what monsieur was about.

"Don't you see," said the former, still tugging at the cord, "I want to stop the omnibus."

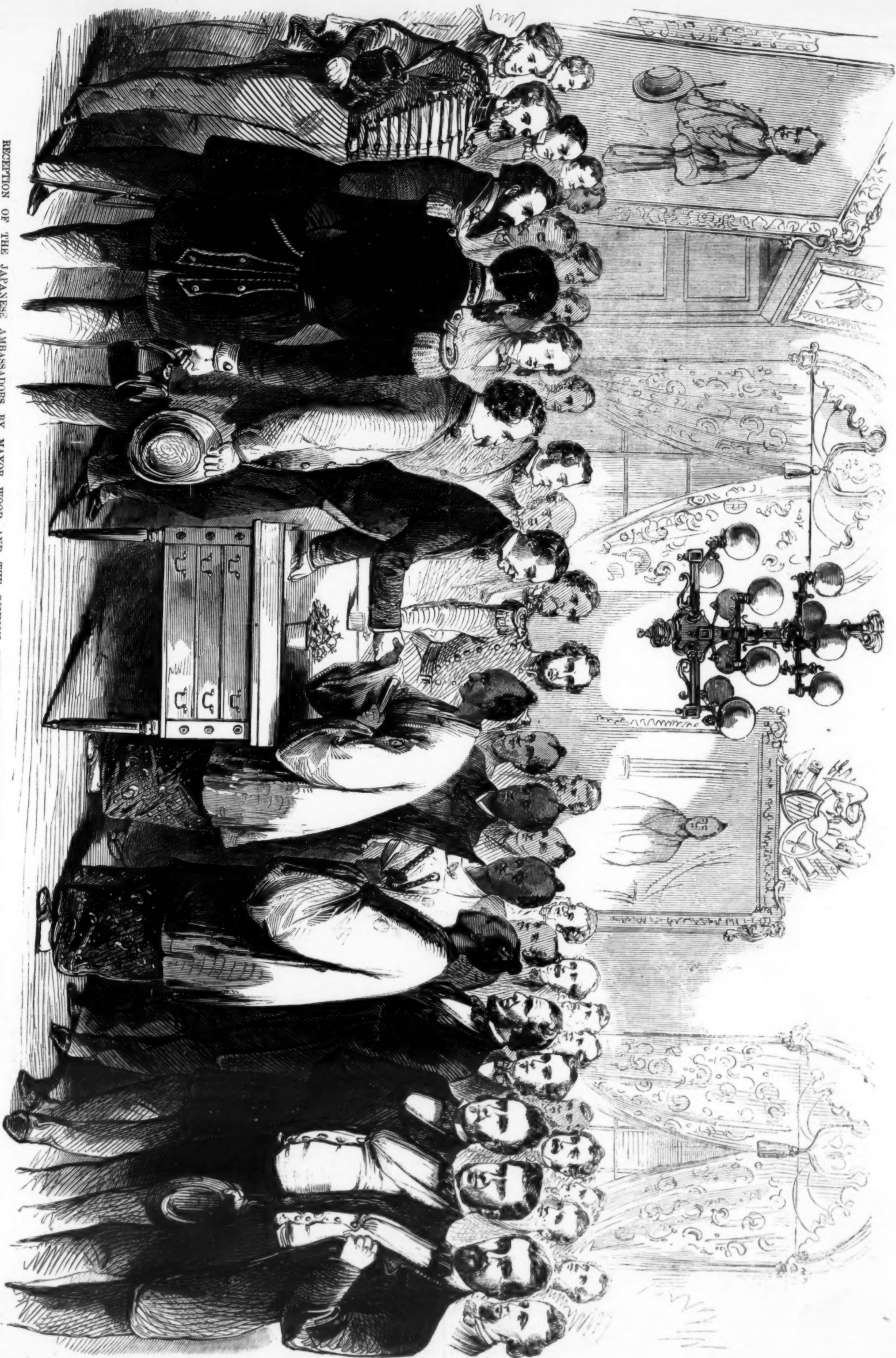
When told that he had been pulling the wrong cord, he said that that could make but little difference; but the conductor thought otherwise, and demanded six francs for the extra passengers registered by the unconscious John Bull. The latter protested against such an imposition, and offered to give the conductor a few lessons in the noble art of self defence in place of the money, unless he and his wife were immediately allowed to alight, as they were behind time, and had an invitation for dinner. The contest became warm, the boxing seemed about to begin, the passengers all explained the matter simultaneously in order to clear up the difficulty, and in the end a sergeant de ville was called. This officer said the six francs must be paid.

The Englishman—so goes the story—plunged his hand into his pocket, drew out a handful of money, and cried out,

"It was not on account of the money—money I despise. I have more money than Rothschild. I am a Birmingham manufacturer,

(Continued on page 94.)

RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS BY MAYOR WOOD AND THE COMMON COUNCIL IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM IN THE CITY HALL, N. Y., JUNE 18, 1860.—See Page 86.



and I export twenty millions worth of merchandise in a single year. I fling money out of window, but I will not pay for what I do not owe."

Thereupon he threw the whole handful of cash, including some gold pieces, in the road. The conductor quietly picked it all up, kept the six francs, and gave the rest to the sergeant de ville. That functionary offered it to the Englishman, who indignantly refused to accept it, but the lady was more economical, she received the cash, saying, "My husband is very stupid."

BREVITIES.

One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill, the poet, said, "He was so extremely good, that if you said a good thing he could not undo it." "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

"Good morning, Patrick," said a gentleman to his Irish laborer. "Slippery this morning." "Slippery! and be jabbers, it is nothing else, your honor. Upon my word, and I slid down three times without getting up once!"

As innkeeper being asked what meaning he attached to the term "Aristocrat," replied, "Any man that has more than me in my estimation an aristocrat."

A YANKEE going through Windsor Park was asked whether Queen Victoria had reigned long. He replied, "She has stage that have reindeer (reigned here) much longer."

When is a man out of date? When he's a weak back!

Why are soldiers apt to be tired in the month of April? Because they've just gone through a March.

"Where you ever abroad?" "Not exactly, but my mother's maiden name was French."

It is a good sign to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

A PENSTER, passing by the shop of Mr. Taswell, observed that his name would be spelt As-well without the T.

BILLY MOONEY'S VOYAGE TO PORTUGALE.—"No-body but an Irishman could have made Billy Mooney's voyage to Portugale."

"What was that?" said Charley.

"Oh," said old Music, "I thought you must have heard it, but I'll tell you; you need not call the cat-in-over; in course he has heard it. You must know, sir, that Billy Mooney was the luckiest fellow in Waterford, and had the finest hooker—the mackerel came into his boat of their own accord. Well, one fine summer's morning he met old Moriarty, the master of the Jane, on the quay."

"The top of the morning to Captain Moriarty," said Billy.

"Morning, Tim," said the captain. They got into talk accordingly.

"Well," said the captain, "I hear Billy, that you have lots of money in the savings bank."

"A thrifle, captain—a thrifle; I can save you!"

"No, Billy, I don't want to borrow, but to help you to make every pound ten. I'll tell you how to do it; by cheating the Portuguese. You would not mind that, Billy?"

"Why, no, captain; that same would be a help to an honest poor man."

"Well, then," said Moriarty, "Wellington is scrimaging with the French at Lisbon, and he has not a lump or pink-eye in his camp. Lead your hooker and take them to Lisbon, and you'll get sixpence a-piece for every murrup."

"But how am I to find my way, captain?"

"Why, take the first strong north wind," said Moriarty; "get a compass, and run before it S. S. W. till you cross the Bay of Biscay, and when you make the coast of Portugal, any one will tell you the way to Lisbon. Look out for Belem Castle, then run up to the town and sell the cargo."

"I'll try," said Billy, and there was self-sufficiency!

Well, away he started, got the hooker before it, and her head was S. S. W.; then he said to the compass, "I expect, my boy," said he, "you're a slippery fellow to dale with," and he nailed the card to the binnacle.

Before night they lost sight of land, and they howled away before the wind; but next morning fell calm.

"Worse luck," said Billy, "but boldly ventured is half won, and we'll win yet."

Well, up sprung the breeze, and away they went before S. S. W., and after three or four days no land, and then another calm and another breeze, till three weeks passed, and they saw nothing.

"On, millis murda," said Billy, "but I'm fairly sold; when they cried out, 'Land ahead!'"

"By St. Patrick," said Billy, "but there it is at last!" and as they drew in he said, "May I never breathe if Peortugale aint moighty like Waterford, and share Balam Castle has a shirkook resemblance to the Hook Lighthouse."

"When they came close in there were the boats fishing, and they cried out: 'Welcome home, Billy, with the dollyers, ain't Billy the janius, ooh, ooh, ooh.'"

"Well, Billy never got the better of it, and that all came of self-sufficiency."

Delightful.

We have recently had occasion to use a bottle of Cocaine, and can well afford, from the benefit derived by its use, to add our testimony to that of hundreds of others, as to its efficacy. It answers the purpose of a perfume for the hair, and at the same time cleanses it from all impurities, leaving the hair perfectly soft and glossy. We recommend its use to those in need of an article, either to restore, preserve or purify the hair.—St. Joseph (Mo.) West.

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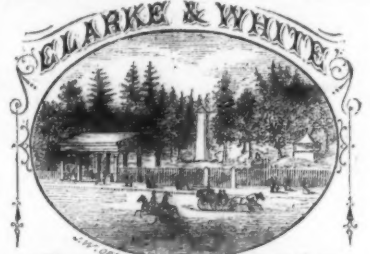
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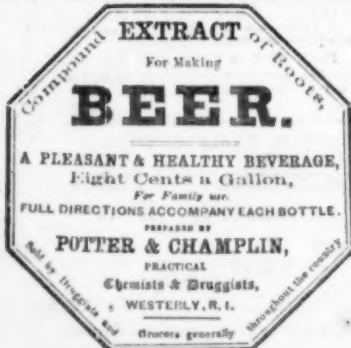
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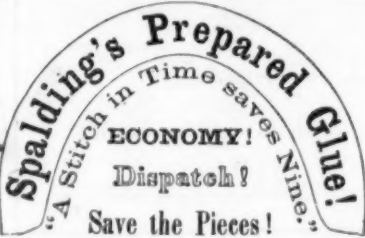
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